

Herrick Johnson



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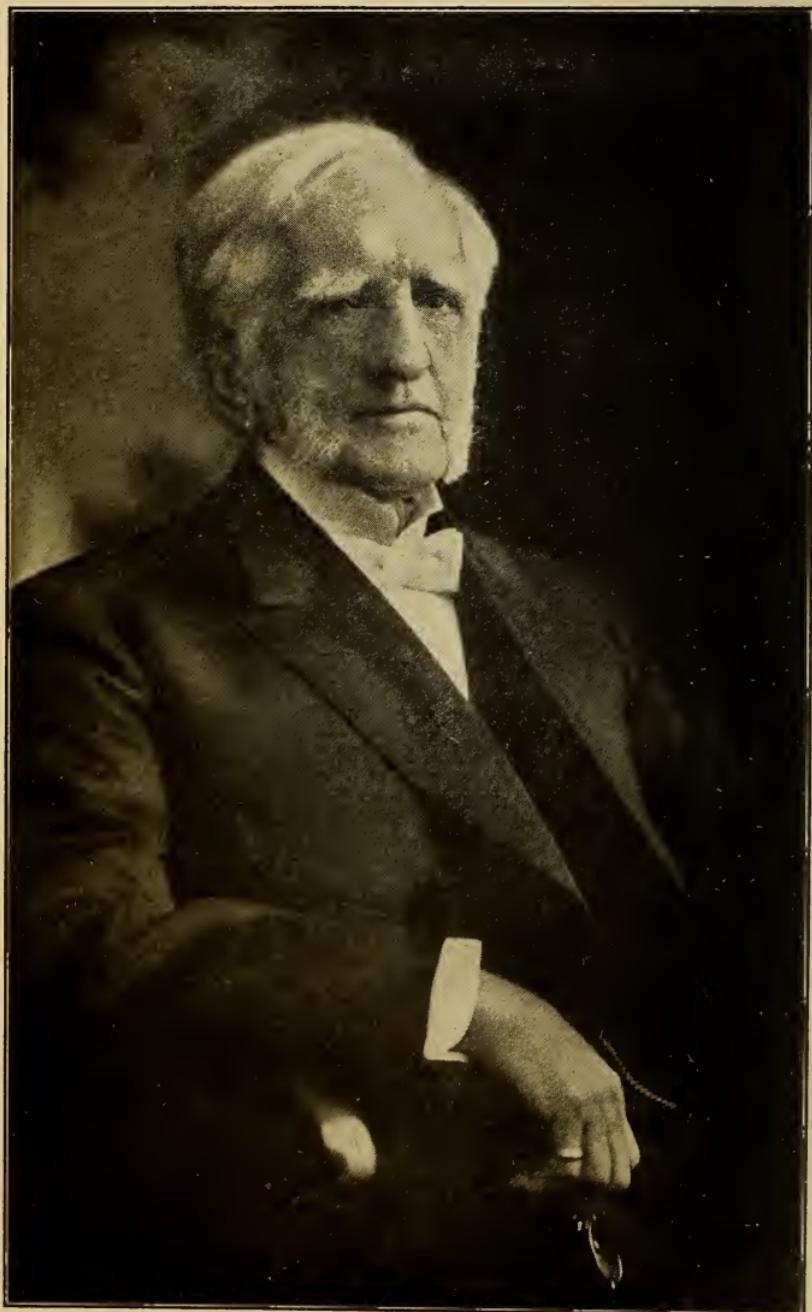
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Herrick Johnson

# HERRICK JOHNSON

*An Appreciative Memoir*

BY

CHARLES E. ROBINSON, D.D.

Author of

“Maltbie Davenport Babcock: A Reminiscent Sketch”



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TO

**Mrs. Herrick Johnson**

who has won the gratitude  
and love of Dr. Johnson's many friends  
by the love and happy home and tender care  
she gave him during the last years of his life,

This Memoir

is respectfully dedicated by the Author



## FOREWORD

**A**S this tribute to the memory of one so widely beloved goes out from the press, I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to those who have generously aided me in preparing it and to tender my thanks. Were it not for the remarkable work done by the first Mrs. Johnson in preserving in many scrapbooks items that helped to tell the story of her husband's large, full life, this memoir could not have been prepared at all. It was one of the many ways through which she expressed her devotion to him through the nearly fifty years of their singularly happy life. Nor should I fail to thank Mrs. Blinn, widow of the Rev. H. G. Blinn, formerly of Cambridge, N. Y., for opening up the treasures of her youth and giving me access to a delightful correspondence she had with Dr. Johnson in his early life. But for this great kindness the specially interesting features of his fine boyhood and young manhood could not have been brought to light. His sister, Mrs. Oscar Gray, of St. Louis, Mo., also furnished most interesting material for that period, for which I am indebted.

From Dr. E. C. Ray, D.D., for many years

Secretary of the College Board of the Presbyterian Church, who knew Dr. Johnson most intimately; Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, and the Faculty of the McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago, and from my publishers, I have received very marked encouragement in my imperfect effort to portray the impressive and inspiring personality of this noble friend and teacher of men. For it all I am both appreciative and thankful, as I am for the helpful sympathy of the present Mrs. Johnson, which I have expressed in my desire to dedicate this book to her. I only wish it were a better, a finer book—one not showing so plainly the effect of declining years. Yet whatever its merits, whatever its shortcomings, it is offered in tender tribute to the memory of the man I knew and loved so well.

CHARLES E. ROBINSON.

PELHAM MANOR, N. Y.,  
*August 27, 1914.*

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“Master in his work, distinguished in personality, a prince of preachers, educator and leader of leaders, a consummate Christian statesman, superb in assemblies, fearless knight of the conscience, courageous commander of the forces of righteousness, exponent of every grace of courteous manhood, and, above all, linking to himself, by the power of love and gratitude, the men of the ministry in all parts of the world, who sat at his feet.”

(Quoted from Dr. Hill’s opening address at the great memorial service held in the First Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Dec. 7, 1913).

# I

## EARLY YEARS AND MEMORIES

“Preaching is to take the truths of Holy Scripture, and unfold, illustrate, and amplify them for enlightenment and persuasion, and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit to have them intensified by profound personal conviction, fused in the fire of one’s own soul, poured upon waiting ears and hearts from lips touched with God’s altar fires, and accompanied by every possible adjunct of effective posture and gesture and voice—this is preaching.”

—HERRICK JOHNSON.

HERRICK JOHNSON and I met for the first time in September, 1853, at Hamilton College, where we entered the class of '57. We soon afterward joined the Alpha Delta Phi Society, which at once brought us into an intimate association, out of which grew the friendship of our life, strengthening with the years, until his death in November, 1913. The last ten years were the best of all, intimate and affectionate to the close. It was in these last years that, in great modesty, he exacted a promise from me, that if a biography of him were thought worth while, I should have charge of it, should I survive him. It comes to me therefore as a sacred trust, but with a profound sense

of being unequal to a task (especially on account of the infirmities of years) which calls for a vigor and intellectual vivacity of which the many years of my life may have deprived me. But at the strong desire of his family and closest friends I take it up, with the hope and prayer that the devoted friendship of our sixty years may supplement the loss of other things.

When Herrick Johnson entered college he was tall, lithe, athletic, with a serious purpose even then stamped on his face, but with also a merry heart, a keen sense of humor, and a hearty laugh which was most contagious. The corridor in which he roomed was not a particularly quiet one. He loved noise, his physical enjoyment of life was very intense, and his shout and song rang through the College halls.

I learned later that he was born in Kaughnewaga, in the town of Fonda, N. Y., September 22, 1832. His father was Mr. J. Jay Johnson, his mother Mrs. Lydia French Herrick Johnson. His mother died comparatively early, leaving two sons, Jay and Herrick. Mr. Johnson was a commission merchant, who is said to have built the first grain elevator in the city of Buffalo.

The family was well-to-do. Mr. Johnson's older brothers belonged to the class known as gentlemen farmers in New York State. He married, for his second wife, Miss S. Katherine Hequembourg. The fruit of this marriage was a daughter, still living (Mrs. Oscar Gray of

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St. Louis, Mo.), who, on the death of her father, became the tender charge of her half-brother Herrick, who, with characteristic thoughtfulness and affection, attended to her education, seeing to her graduation at the then famous Seminary of Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y., and as all who know him would be prepared to believe, he was a most devoted brother. There was also a sister Margaret, who died a few years ago, and Mr. Charles W. Johnson, now residing in Webster Groves, Mo.

Herrick Johnson's eldest brother was Jay Johnson, a civil engineer, who died in a fire in Nevada, in a supposedly fireproof building, where, in the dense smoke, he had gone to secure a map which he had made. Little is known about him; but the effect of his awful death on his father, completely prostrating him and from which he never rallied, showed that the son possessed qualities of mind and heart that made him inexpressibly dear to his father. Had Mr. Johnson realized into what a splendid manhood and glorious career of usefulness his younger son Herrick would develop, he might possibly have rallied his powers to live for him.

Mr. Johnson sent his son Herrick to Jamestown, N. Y., to prepare for college. Here the brother of his second wife lived, a gentleman of rare nature and culture, the Rev. Charles E. Hequembourg, a graduate of Yale and at that time the pastor of a church at Jamestown. Her-

rick loved him, and had a short but happy stay under his roof. Jamestown was at that time noted for its culture, refinement, and churches, and there were three men in the town who exerted a peculiarly strong influence upon the young man's intellectual, moral, and spiritual life. They were his stepmother's brother, the Rev. Charles E. Hequembourg, just referred to; a very influential Dr. Gray, a man of devoted piety, to whom Herrick used often to refer, especially as to his remarkable power in prayer, and, later, the Rev. H. G. Blinn, who married a daughter of Dr. Gray's and who, with his wife and her family, were immediately instrumental in the conversion of Herrick Johnson. This daughter of Dr. Gray, Mrs. Blinn, was a young woman of remarkable presence and intellectual power. She became an intimate friend of Herrick's, and at that early period of his life exerted over him a very quickening and intellectual influence. Their correspondence through all his early life was very delightful. Occasionally some of Herrick's college friends had an opportunity to read a letter of hers, and they never forgot it. Undoubtedly Herrick owed more than can be told to his association with Jamestown life. Mrs. Blinn is still living in honorable retirement at Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y., cherishing the precious memories of that early friendship.

In his letters to his dear friend Mrs. Blinn at

this time of his life Herrick frequently refers to his intense desire for the conversion of his father and his fervent prayer for him, and at the time of his death, which occurred while Herrick was in Hamilton College, he writes to her, October 5, 1855, as follows: "Yesterday I stood at the bedside of my father and saw him die. Without pain or paroxysm he breathed his last breath, and went almost smiling into eternity. His expression ever since has been so pleasant, so unlike death, that it almost assures me he is at rest. And yet—and yet—my sister, he never gave me evidence of a change of heart. When I came to him in this last sickness, he recognized me, indeed, and could speak rationally now and then, but his mind wandered so frequently that I could say nothing to him of Jesus. He told Dr. Reed, the minister, that he was ready and willing to die. Fearing, doubting, trembling, I am assured of nothing. But I did so long for some evidences of his acceptance. It makes me doubt my own, for surely I have been conscious of as faithful, earnest heartfelt prayer for him as for myself. It is all dark, drearily dark, and yet I am calm, so calm it almost alarms me. Be pitiful, O God! —Herrick."

Referring to his sense of loss in the death of his mother, who died in his early youth, and to his longing for home, he replied as follows to Mrs. Blinn's question as to whether he ever thought of her father's home (Dr. Gray's),

where he was ever most welcome: "Think of it? think of it, do you say? The home that has been mine in some sense as it has been yours, don't I think of it? Do you remember the little stranger lad that stood leaning on a gate looking over at that same home ten years ago this next Thanksgiving Day? He remembers the leaning and the looking, and how two years after God gave him a place at the board by the hearth, and at the altar of that blessed home, and how the dear group he found there gave him a place in their hearts. To-day—to-day, he is full to weeping, dear friend, at the memory of it, while he thanks God for the gift. He wasn't grateful to the Giver *then*, not until those same hearts had *agonized* for the adopted one, not until one of that loved circle [Mrs. Blinn, to whom he was writing, herself young in the Divine life] came from her closet with God one Sabbath and told him in her own sweet simple way the story of the Cross and said, 'Be a Christian, Herrick.' Let the tears fall, for they are holy. And he remembers the mother in that home, how she loved the newly-born child of God, cared for him, prayed for him, counselled him; and how she died, triumphantly, gloriously, peacefully, and then 'went Home indeed.' What a rush of precious holy memories, and how they all cluster *there*. That home! That home! Don't I think of it? shall I ever forget it?"

Both Herrick and myself had a most intimate

friend, who died suddenly in his Junior year—Charles M. Ferrin, from Watertown, N. Y. Still writing to Mrs. Blinn, he poured out his heart in grief: “Charlie had become very dear to me. Our intimacy of a year and more, our close companionship, our daily worship at a common altar, our precious evening prayers, when we together met with God, had served to bind my heart to him much closer than I had thought. I knew not that I loved him half so well, until I saw him passing away. He met with an accident while riding downhill, resulting in congestion of the brain, from which he died. He passed into a state of stupor out of which he never came. For three days and nights I watched beside him, wishing, longing, praying for some signs of recognition, but not a word, not a look, was given. When his mother, who had been summoned to his bedside and who had lost an older son in the same college, some years before, besought him to speak to her and there was no response, it was enough to unman the stoutest heart, and I wept like a child. Farewell, Chum Charlie—Angel Charlie—till we meet again to make sweet melody with our hearts in Heaven. Farewell!”

Mrs. Blinn writes me very suggestively of that early life: “When Herrick came to us, he was a clean, rollicking, cheery boy, seeming to have no thought at all of the spiritual life. Mr. Blinn followed Mr. Hequembourg very soon after

Herrick's coming to Jamestown, and then, at once, he became one of our family. When the season of the great revival in our church, under Mr. Blinn's ministry, came, Herrick was boyishly inclined (not to sneer) but to take the subject very lightly, apparently. We all loved him, and he and I, fellow-students in the Academy, were the best of friends—really comrades—engaged in much the same studies, and both somewhat of a literary turn of mind. Being on such terms, I and he had a considerable influence over each other. Then, when the religious interest in our church deepened, I being already a communicant, and very desirous of influencing him in things of the spirit, began to try to turn his attention that way. He tried to laugh at me, but I 'screwed up my courage' and resisted his ridicule. My parents were godly people and always at the family altar, where all members of the family, who were not yet numbered among those confessing Christ as their personal Savior, were specially remembered. Herrick still held aloof. But to me, his girl comrade, and to my godly father and my most lovely mother, he always attributed his turning at that time unto God. It was in 1847 he became an inmate in our family. In 1850, I married and left home. Herrick's union with our family was that of a son and brother, and so continued until his marriage in 1860. As I have said above, he was a particularly bright, intelligent lad, more than

clever, honest, square, generous to a fault; upright, with absolutely nothing low or mean in spirit, or soul, or heart, or temper. Amiable, lovely, and loving. He had a most affectionate, sympathetic heart."

Although the letter here following was written to Dr. McCook, June, 1902, from Lake Mohonk, I quote it here, at the outset, as it relates especially to Dr. Johnson's boyhood. It was written to correct a statement made by Dr. McCook in an address on Dr. Johnson, who at that time, in the great debates of the Revision of the Standards, was in the forefront of the contest, and many people were interested in his possible early history. Dr. McCook stated that Dr. Johnson began life as an errand boy and a stable boy, and Dr. Johnson in this letter seeks to correct the erroneous statement:

"DEAR DR. McCook: The picture you painted by your imagination has a good deal of basis in fact. The town was Jamestown, in western New York. Dr. Alfred Gray was the physician; a bright, keen-spirited, and swift little mare called Nellie was the horse, and I was the boy. And there I first studied Latin. But I became devotedly attached to the household before I became a Christian, and spent months in the beautiful home, before I went back to prepare for college, in order that I might become a Minister of the Gospel. In the loft of that barn,

in earlier days, I cried to God for mercy, and after an 'inquiry meeting' in the old First Church, I went into the basement and there, alone in the dark, I found the light and the peace of God. I went back that next spring to Buffalo, where my father lived, a respectable, fairly well-to-do business man, and renewed the occupation of the previous year, taking my old position in a forwarding and commission office, but with my heart no longer in trade. The desire was planted in me, and it grew and grew as the days and weeks and months went by, that I must be a preacher of the Gospel. That desire never left me. I waited a year to test it, that I might surely know whether it was a temporary enthusiasm born of the hour, or a conviction born of the Spirit of God. Meanwhile, I kept at my post as a shipping clerk, having made public profession of my faith in Christ, and united with the First Presbyterian Church of Buffalo, of which Dr. M. L. P. Thompson was then the pastor.

"Later I talked with my father of my growing conviction and desire to become a minister. He was surprised and disappointed. He had counted on a business career for me. I had already won the confidence of the house in which I was employed, and had very gratifying assurances from the head of it. This study for the ministry meant eight or nine years of academic training. My father was opposed to it. He had no objection to the ministry as such, while not then a professing

Christian. He attended regularly the services of the sanctuary, and contributed regularly to its support. But he had set his heart upon my achieving business success. After further consideration, I went to him again, some weeks later, and told him that the desire had grown with the lapse of time and that I must have his consent to begin preparation for college. He gave it, but said his circumstances were such that he could not render me any assistance at all adequate to the need. He had always cared for his family by a reasonable competence. We children had had a good common school, and I an excellent private school, education, but I had never touched the classics. At one time my father was quite successful in the forwarding and commission business, being one of a company running a special line of boats of their own on the Erie Canal between Buffalo and Albany, but he had met with reverses, and when I began studying with a view to the ministry was not able to render me any material aid. I had been at Jamestown a couple of winters, visiting and reading for the Rev. Charles Hequembourg, a brother of my father's second wife. There I became acquainted with Dr. Gray's family, living just opposite, and I at last became so attached to that family, and they to me, that I made their house my home, when Mr. Hequembourg moved from the village.

"The Grays became very dear to me, and I

was like an adopted son. Their house seemed an outer court of Heaven. Mrs. Gray was a saintly soul, and Dr. Alfred Gray was to my mind the nearest to an ideal of a good physician I ever met. I never knew a physician who so carried his patients on his heart, and who so bore them to God in prayer. It was under this family influence, and under the preaching of the Rev. H. G. Blinn, that I was brought to Christ. I was in that family as a son. I was not *hired* to do anything, but my chief work was to keep the doctor's books, and prepare his medicines. The care of the horse was a purely incidental matter, but that bay mare, spirited and gentle, was my pride and joy. I groomed her as I would a pet dog.

"You can readily see from all this, Dr. McCook, that your representation of my early career conveys a false impression. It does not tell the truth in the statement that I began life as a stable boy. In referring to me as an errand boy and a stable boy it conveys the impression that I was a hired hostler employed in a stable. If I had been, I should not have been ashamed of it. The greater would have been the credit for overcoming unfavorable conditions. And there is no disgrace whatever in having been employed in a stable. But it does not happen to be the truth, and I am sorry you made such public use of false premises. If your address should go to print, this feature of it should be

made to conform to the facts. I intimated as much as this in referring to the 'picture painted by your imagination.' Under the pressure that was upon me, just prior to the Assembly, I could not take the time for these details. But I did not dream you were to give your statement the wide publicity that followed. I think you should have consulted me before embodying it in an historic address."

It was the greatest blessing to him, and to the world, that he responded favorably to the intellectual and Christian life with which he was surrounded at Jamestown, for he would have been a great sinner had he not become a saint. He had it in him to be one or the other. He did nothing by halves. In his boyhood some bright alluring associates led him to the saloons of Buffalo, where he was for a time quite fascinated, his *bonhomie*, his fine voice, his gifts for speaking making him a strong asset of that life. But he soon felt the shame and sin of it, and in the face of the derision of his companions broke away from it. They went on their own way, and after a while were lost in the flood of evil, while he went on *his* way, constantly upward to the perfect day.

One of his best preparations for college was the facility and love for writing and public speaking he possessed in his school days. I have on my desk an essay, written in fine, almost micro-

scopic, and beautiful chirography when Herrick was about fifteen years old, which took a prize. Early in life he delivered in a public hall a temperance address—the beginning of his lifelong eloquent advocacy of the cause of temperance. In coming to Hamilton College he found a contagious influence in that direction. The very night he arrived there was the great event of the commencement week, the contest for the prize, by the twelve best speakers—four from each of the three under classes—and the occasion when Charles E. Knox, afterwards the celebrated Dr. Knox of the German Theological Seminary, won the first prize Freshman year—the highest prize of all. Those who are still alive, who entered college at that time, will never forget the thrill and excitement of that contest. Undoubtedly it has been so ever since at every commencement, for Hamilton College has always given great attention to public speaking and class orations. The high standard was set by a remarkably gifted man, Professor Mandeville, who instituted a system in the study of oratory and public speaking which has been known ever since, with some modifications, as the “Mandevillian System.”

In 1853, Dr. Anson J. Upson was in the Mandevillian chair, and had lifted up to still greater height the standard of public speaking, and had awakened a great, inextinguishable enthusiasm for it. Not one of the boys who

entered that year, and who were at that prize speaking contest, could fail to be seized with the public speaking craze. It specially met Herrick Johnson's taste and trend and gifts, and fired his highest aim. Probably there was nothing he wanted so much as the prize in his class at the next commencement. But unfortunately his standards and ideals of public speaking were just then as far as possible from the Mandevillian standard. He had acquired what was called a ministerial tone and other faults fatal to any success, unless eradicated. The best speakers of the upper classes were the recognized and accepted "drillers" of the new boys, who at once put themselves under their care and criticism. Every spring and fall a certain valley with a grove, north of the college, was the resort of the aspirants for success at this time. The woods would ring with their "exercises" and strenuous declamation, and I presume it is the same to-day.

Herrick Johnson had a magnificent voice, well-nigh ruined by his sins against the right method of using it. He soon saw that it was going to be essential for him to go down to the foundation of his wrong methods and break them all up and absolutely eradicate his "tone." It was no easy thing to do, but the young man was intensely ambitious, and so he worked with the greatest energy. He failed of an appointment on the "best four" of his Freshman class. But

he worked away during Sophomore year and failed again. But the upperclassmen saw his pluck, they recognized his grand voice, and they worked with him during his junior year, until he had mastered the Mandevillian style, wholly eradicated his "tone," corrected all defects, and got his appointment for one of the best four speakers of the Junior year; and on the prize speaking night of that commencement, he went on the platform conscious of his power and swept everything before him as the Junior prize speaker. It set the standard for that young man. Voice, manner, address were all masterful and accounted easily for his great success as a public speaker through all his subsequent prominent and successful career in his profession.

I have dwelt at considerable length on this experience of his, as it was, in a certain sense, the turning point in his public life, and his success showed, as nothing else in college, his masterful qualities. His standing in college was high. He took several prizes in writing, but it was in public speaking and prize debates, that he went up to the front. It was inevitable that the eyes of the college should be turned toward him and that the faculty, who are not easily deceived by "the men," had great hopes of his future. A peculiarly warm and devoted friendship sprang up between that rare man, Professor Edward North, and Herrick Johnson, so that when years afterward that greatly beloved "Gre-

cian" came to die, Herrick Johnson (to quote from President M. Woolsey Stryker, writing from Hamilton College) was selected in 1903 to "make the memorial address here, in tribute to our long time beloved Professor Edward North. He did it in most complete and welcome style."

He was happy in his selection of Auburn Theological Seminary as the institution for his professional studies. The city of Auburn was itself delightful, and the warm love and pride of the citizens for the seminary gave to the students a homelike environment quite unlike that of the average theological seminary.

To his friend, Mrs. Blinn, he wrote a description of his room in the old seminary building, which I quote, certain that if any clergymen are now living who roomed in that old building read it, they will recall with interest that part of their life which was spent there: "Take my arm now, and we'll visit my little home of a room together. You know I said the building fronts south, so here we go up the gravelled walk, entering the door of the west wing, up one flight of stairs and opening the first door at the right, we find the rear middle room, second story of the west wing, with windows facing the north. This is my sanctum—walk in. Just at your left elbow in a corner, close by one of the windows, is a high desk, designed as a relief when one gets tired of sitting. There I shall occasionally stand and study or write. Between the two windows hangs

the little monitor that ticks off the seconds as they come and go, out of time into the past eternity. It reminds me often of another time-piece, my *beating heart*, whose rusted machinery has been made to run smoothly again by my visit to Jamestown. Beyond the second window, in the northeast corner, is a stand and bookcase, the latter just large enough to receive my little library. The four shelves of books look so cozy there, and give such a literary air to the room, that I am vastly pleased with the northeast corner. Passing your eye along the east side, you meet the stove about midway, standing well out in the room and a perfect little gem in its way, both in its appearance and utility. On the southeast corner, see that alcove partially screened by tasteful curtains? Just outside there, my sister, is my praying place. There I try to talk with God. Elsewhere also, but *there* especially seek I communion with my Elder Brother. There *you* are remembered and the other loved ones. Within that alcove is a comfortable bed on which I pillow my head of nights and restfully sleep, perchance to dream. Passing on to the southwest corner, you see a door that opens into my clothes-press and wash room, and so you finally reach the main entrance again. The centre table, at which I am now writing, is some little distance from the north side, where the windows are, and about midway between a comfortable remove from the stove and from all

points easily accessible. Here I shall do the most of my studying and writing. Here the thoughts of my letters to you shall wipe their sandals as they go in with the sheet of blotting paper now before me as the doormat. Here I shall dig after Hebrew roots, strive to digest mental food, discipline my mind, and store it with such materials as shall the better fit me for usefulness in the years to come."

There was a close relation between the seminary and the churches of the city, and at that time peculiarly so with the First Presbyterian Church, then one of the grandest churches in central New York, under the inspiring ministry of Dr. Charles Hawley. Very few theological students had had an opportunity to attend such a notable prayer meeting as was held every week in that church, or to hear such laymen give their testimony as Dr. Steele, Dr. Willard, and others did. The first year of Herrick Johnson's seminary life was in 1857, at the time of the great revival that spread through the country. Auburn churches were always specially responsive to such great awakenings. The religious life at that time was very intense, and greatly interested and affected the students—especially Herrick Johnson. He was, as has been stated, very ambitious in college, and while his ambition was strong, intense, immense, it was not then always consecrated. But at this time his soul was moved to its depths, and he made a dedication of him-

self, so complete and spiritual as to radically change his Christian experience, with this great result—that all his traits and gifts and tendencies were consecrated. He came into a humble, devout, reverent spirit, which ever afterwards characterized him. He had always a dominating way with him, but it became controlled, enriched, and sweetened. Not until then did his friends realize the depth and strength of his affections. Strong, sometimes assertive, blazing away with intensity in the defence of great questions and principles, it was, after all, from this time that his heart controlled him, controlled, as it in turn was, by the Spirit of God.

The faculty of the seminary held very friendly relations with the students. Dr. Samuel M. Hopkins, cultured, brilliant, and fascinating, if sometimes somewhat erratic; Dr. Huntington, witty, friendly, charming, and at home in Hebrew; Dr. J. B. Condit, polished, devout, the very ideal of the old-fashioned cultured New England preacher, and Dr. Edward Hall, with his old-time theology, benign face, sturdy heroic persistence in the face of failing health, a splendid example of a man possessed with a pure and noble purpose—these were the men of sterling worth to whom the seminary students had access. If they could not measure up to some of the educational ideals of to-day, they would, at least, stand among the highest anywhere and at any time, in character, devotion, single-hearted con-

secration to Jesus Christ, and as such their influence upon the student was inspiring and lasting. As a rule the life at a theological seminary is freer from the dividing contests and selfish aims of college life. And so it was that the men had one purpose, one aim, and so dropped the aggressive spirit of college days. Herrick Johnson greatly enjoyed the life in the seminary. When not occupied with his studies, which he pursued with a scholar's instinct, he was often in hot debate with his dear old friend, Thomas Sherrard (who died all too early to fulfil the fine promise of his life), walking up and down their rooms, with their long study gowns flying as they vehemently argued, shaking their fists in each other's faces, but under radically different conditions from those of whom Milton sang—

“—Reasoned high  
Of Providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate—  
Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute  
And found no end in wandering mazes lost.  
Of good and evil much they argued then,  
Of happiness and final misery,  
Passion and apathy and glory and shame.”

Herrick made his corridor about as noisy as he did in college, filled as he was with the joy of life. On the campus he ran for the ball with great vehemence. In our primitive gymnasium it was fine to see him swing himself with the rings, rising with physical prowess, and throwing his muscular frame out to the limit. There

was a certain eagerness to succeed in athletics, which was characteristic of the whole man. Eagerness was the best word, perhaps, to use to describe his method in college, seminary, or the world at large. The ideal eagle, not the real bird, the ideal lion, not the feline beast of the jungles, would well denote the look on his face. After his spiritual re-baptism, "aspiration" might be a better word to employ than eagerness, but one must combine them to get a true idea of what manner of man he was.

Herrick Johnson owed a great deal to the deep interest awakened among young people at that time in Tennyson, the Brownings, and Owen Meredith. The students were all talking about Tennyson's *In Memoriam* and Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, *Drama of Exile*, and *Sonnets from the Portuguese* and Robert Browning's *Saul, By the Fireside*, and others. Great poems these, which are certainly not shelved now—but they were new then—and the enthusiasm over them was intense.

I remember going into Herrick's room one morning and finding him ill and designing to remain in bed. I offered to read to him, and he chose Mrs. Browning's *Drama of Exile*. I soon became too absorbed to think of him. When at the height of the *Drama* I turned to the bed and found him sitting up straight, his arms lifted up in a sort of rapture. That is the way we took our great literature in those days.

It was here, in Auburn, that he found his dearly beloved wife of many years. The Hardenburg family was one of the best and most honored families in the city, and Miss Kate Hardenburg was unquestionably a young woman of rare intellectual culture, and of strong personal influence. The Hardenburg residence was the centre of a charming social and literary life. The newest poet, the latest book, were always discussed there, with cultured discrimination. Mr. James Cox, a prominent lawyer of Auburn, and son of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Harson Cox, played the violin very well. One evening in each week he brought in the best music, to which Miss Kate Hardenburg played the accompaniments. They were delightful evenings. A few students were privileged also to resort to them, among them Herrick Johnson. Before the close of the second or middle year of the seminary, his engagement to Miss Kate Hardenburg was announced, to the delight of many friends. It was a union greatly blest to them both, through a long and happy life.

There were three of us—Herrick Johnson, Smith Harris Hyde ("Harry," as we affectionately called him, of blessed memory), and I, who went three times a day to our boarding place on Grover Street. The way took us past the corner of the old First Presbyterian Church, which looked out on the rear of the Hardenburg mansion, across the street. Every morning there

was a face and hand at the window to greet Herrick, and an answering recognition with waving of hat and a sort of Jim Crow shuffle. The fun and spirit and that hand from the window come back to me over the waste of years, and I recall it with smile and sigh.

There was at that time a most enjoyable service open to the students for the first year and a half of their course,—teaching classes in the prison, Sunday morning. There were generally about two hundred of the prisoners allowed to be present, and the interest displayed both by teacher and pupils was very inspiring. Toward the last of the middle year such students as had been licensed to preach gave up their prison classes in order to be ready to supply vacant pulpits in the country churches round about Auburn. It was while engaged in this work in the latter half of the Senior year that some one from Troy, N. Y., heard Herrick Johnson and was so struck with his personality and his preaching that he gave his name to a committee of the First Presbyterian Church of Troy, who were on the lookout for an assistant to the venerable Dr. Beman, who, having filled his pulpit for many years with great ability and wonderful power, was now feeble through age. The committee invited him to supply their pulpit, and in a very short time he was called to the position of assistant pastor and a committee was appointed to confer with him at Utica, half-way

between Troy and Auburn. There was great excitement among our set of fellows, and six of us met Herrick at the railroad station on his return and took him to an oyster saloon, and calling for a private room, sat down to the simple meal, and said, "Now tell us all about it." He told us fully about the meeting with the committee, the conference, and his acceptance of the call. We asked him what his salary would be, and when he told us that it was to be fifteen hundred dollars we almost fell under the table!

It was the time of small salaries for young men, and we thought with amazement of the way he would roll in wealth. We asked him if he was not afraid of being "set up," of losing his spirituality. He and I have often laughed over it since, but at the time it took us days to get over our astonishment. Herrick graduated with honors in the spring of 1860. His entire class loved him and was very proud of him. He entered as soon as possible on his field of service as assistant pastor in the First Presbyterian Church in Troy, and on September 6, 1860, was married to Miss Katherine Spencer Hardenburg and so began his great career as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

## II

TROY, N. Y., 1860-63—PITTSBURGH, PA.,  
1863-67—MARQUETTE, MICH., 1868

“Then I preached Christ, and when she heard the  
story—

(Oh! is such triumph possible to men?)  
Hardly, my King, had I beheld Thy glory,  
Hardly had known Thy excellence till then.

Oft when the Word is on me to deliver,  
Opens the Heaven and the Lord is there,  
Desert or throng, the city or the river,  
Melt in a lucid paradise of air.”

—F. W. H. MYERS.

THE First Presbyterian Church of Troy, to which Herrick Johnson was called to be assistant pastor, was, without doubt, at that time not only the foremost Presbyterian church in the city, but also a notable church in northern and eastern New York State. Dr. Beman was a Southern man, of very pronounced Northern principles, invincibly opposed to slavery, and of clearly defined New-School theological views. He was a man who had the courage of his convictions, and great ability in presenting them. He held a free lance on Thanksgiving Day, and regularly aroused such antagonism in those who did not agree with his political views that several of them would leave the church in

white heat, vowing that they would never enter it again. But he was so much of a man, so tender in his preaching on the love of God, endowed with such power in argument, so irresistible in persuasion, so fascinating, that those very men who would leave the church on Thanksgiving Day were always drawn back again. He educated men and women to be thinkers, and his congregation were thoroughly capable of digesting solid food in preaching, and both wanted and welcomed it.

Herrick Johnson was unusually mature at the time of his graduation from the theological seminary. He stood every inch a man, at once challenging the attention of his hearers. He was not New School in his theology. He would have been a stern Calvinist had it not been for his heart, and he, like Dr. Beman, had great courage and boldness in preaching the truth. His voice was like a great organ with many stops, from the vox humana to the open diapason. He had perfect control of it. He had, even then, a remarkable gift in prayer. There was a reverent, tender, exquisitely solemn quality without any "solemn tone" to his voice that helped those whom he led in prayer to realize that they were in the very presence of God Himself. Such confession of sin, such penitence, such love, such adoration the people felt could be voiced only by one who himself was *really praying*. Those of his hearers whom he might have antagonized by

the force of his logic in pressing his Calvinistic views would find their hearts melted and tender under the influence of his closing prayer. His Troy people appreciated his ability in the pulpit, and were responsive to his preaching.

Before his first year was over, the country was in the awful throes of civil war, and he was a leader in loyalty, and in opposition to slavery. He preached a very strong sermon on "The Ground of Submission to Civil Authority." In the course of his argument he said: "Rather than have this rebellion a success may a half a million loyal hearts give their life blood—give it freely and give it all. Rather than have it a success may every minister in the land leave the peaceful walks in which he is now pursuing his holy calling, and toughen the sinews, harden the muscles, and inure himself to hardships so as to do and dare and die like other men, on the battlefield. Rather than have it a success, I would gladly lay this body gashed and mangled in the enemies' trenches, and wish I had a thousand more to lay beside it." He closed his sermon with these words: "This rebellion will be worth all its suppression will cost, if it clears the atmosphere of all doubt as to the power and authority of government, restores our respect for rulers, by giving them their high position as ordained by Heaven, and leads us to submit to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake—'to fear God and honor the king.'"

It is generally acknowledged that churches seeking for pastors feel a little more liberty in approaching an assistant pastor than one who has been a long time settled in his parish. It is natural that they should recognize an impermanency in such relations, and that the man occupying such a position should desire the larger liberty gained in the transfer to the full charge of a parish. It was not possible for Herrick Johnson to be let alone. He had, during his short ministry, already made too broad a mark, and taken too high a stand, to be lost sight of. Finally a very prominent church in the great city of Pittsburgh (the Third Presbyterian), which had lost its able pastor, Dr. Henry Kendall, by his transference to the secretaryship in the Board of Home Missions—a position which he filled until his death with great distinction and signal devotion to the Church and its Master—had its attention called to Herrick Johnson, who had been only two and a half years out of seminary, but who had made full proof of his ministry. He was called in December, 1862, and on January 11, 1863, was installed pastor. It was a very inviting and important field for so young a man, but he showed no immaturity. Through God's blessing he stood equal to the position.

"Great doors and effectual" were opened to him at once. The church was made up of some

of the finest men and women of the city, and large numbers of young men rallied around the young pastor, attracted not only by his youth, but by his marked ability, his genial spirit, and his great-heartedness. He had singularly marked qualities to lead young men—strength, enthusiasm, a lofty purpose, a deep Christian experience, and a strong love for his fellows. The young men leaped to his standard like the soldiers to the white-plumed Henry of Navarre. Institutions of learning summoned him to address them at their commencements, and a paper called the *Risks of Thinking*, which he delivered before the Literary Societies of Jefferson College during the first year of his pastorate in Pittsburgh, awakened especial attention. His own college (Hamilton) called him the same season to their commencement to address the graduating class.

But in October of that year, the fine old building of the Third Church was burned, and all the cares incident to such a great loss were suddenly heaped upon the young pastor. It was an emergency to which he proved himself equal, and the members of his great church realized that they had a man at their head. They determined not to re-roof the old walls of the building, but to build a new and beautiful church edifice. They did not, however, make this misfortune an excuse for not contributing to the great causes to which their church was committed. Herrick

urged them not to let up on their beneficences. As a result they subscribed that very season over two thousand dollars to help endow the Board of Publication, and when the time came for their annual contribution to Home Missions, they gave over four thousand dollars! At the same time Pittsburgh was the very centre of the great patriotic United States Christian Commission, which brought vast numbers of Christians of all denominations together to minister to the bodies and souls of hundreds of thousands of volunteers. The *New York Evangelist* of May, '64, stated that one of the largest meetings ever held in Pittsburgh was one held in Dr. Patton's church. It was the second of a series of meetings on behalf of the United States Christian Commission in connection with the great national subscription of one million dollars. The Rev. Herrick Johnson presided.

He had been now only four years out of the theological seminary. He was still a young man, except in the strong, capable way he met his public duties, which placed him in the forefront of the forceful citizens of the great city. The work of the Christian Commission in ministering to the sick and wounded soldiers appealed to him very strongly and was specially congenial to his great patriotism and large-hearted Christian philanthropy. He did not spare himself. Aside from the large demands of his public work, he daily worked in the wards of the hospitals.

He wrote letters for the wounded boys to their friends at home; he pointed them to Jesus, he prayed with the dying. Possibly it was this that brought on a severe attack of diphtheria, which laid him aside for several months, and his devoted people, in the midst of their sacrifice for the country and the building of their new church, and despite the fact that they had given him two thousand dollars to help him and Mrs. Johnson to go into housekeeping, gave him three thousand dollars more to take him to Europe and to recuperate from his severe illness. Mrs. Johnson accompanied her husband, and they returned October 10, 1865, and at once plunged into the great work of a pastorate in a city such as Pittsburgh was in those strenuous times. In response to an invitation given to him about this time to address the Pittsburgh Temperance League, Herrick so treated the subject that a local newspaper stated that he "surpassed his usual powerful style of oratory, and delivered one of the most eloquent and impressive lectures we have ever had the pleasure of hearing." It was while preparing this lecture, as he sat at his desk with a cigar in his mouth, that he felt for the first time (as he told me afterwards) the force of the argument which we had often had with him against his smoking. "If there is any force in the point which I have just made in favor of temperance, it applies to this cigar which I am smoking." He arose from his

chair and flung the cigar into the fire, and never smoked again. Such an action was characteristic of the man.

It will be impossible to tell the full story of his “labors oft” in his Pittsburgh parish. In Synod and in General Assembly also he distinguished himself, where it was said of him that “more like an ideal leader of the Church of the West, is the pastor of the Third Church, Pittsburgh, who, with his Elder Judge Williams, forms one of the strongest delegations sent from any Presbytery.” But we must refer here to a signal tribute to the estimation in which he was held by his appointment to address the closing gathering of the United States Christian Commission held in the Hall of the House of Representatives in Washington, February 11, 1866. “The Assembly was composed of the distinguished and honored of the land, representing perhaps more fully and truly the powers which wield our great nation than any similar assembly ever convened in our country’s history. The Hall was draped in tender reference to the memory of the beloved dead.” We boys of Hamilton College and Auburn Seminary were very proud of our representative and fellow student standing there that day, a peer with all those great men, delivering his eloquent, thrilling address. A further honor awaited him, for after an address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of the Western Reserve College, June 25,

1867, the trustees conferred on him the title of Doctor of Divinity.

Soon after that it became evident that the health of Mrs. Johnson was not equal to the peculiarly trying climate of Pittsburgh. Her physicians declared that to save her life she must leave the city at once. It was a sore trial all around. The pastor and church had been bound together by great soul-stirring times in the progress of the war. A great revival had been granted them; large numbers had united with the church, and a great army of young men had rallied around him. The farewell meeting of the church on Sabbath morning and the address to the young men in the evening marked how high the tide of deep feeling and sorrow had risen. During the five years of his ministry his church had made an advance of nearly three hundred and fifty per cent. on its various causes of Christian benevolence and an advance of over five hundred per cent. on its voluntary contributions to other causes, and that while engaged in building a costly church edifice. Those two farewell services, especially the one in the evening, when the great congregation was composed almost entirely of young men, were remembered for long years afterwards and are still tenderly recalled by those of the number now living. They were well-nigh heart-rending. Those who have never seen Dr. Johnson, save in the vehemence of public debate in Church Courts on some

great question, can have little idea of the tenderness of his heart, and the way he drew men to him—especially young men—as with hoops of steel.

There are middle-aged men, pastors of important churches, professors of theological seminaries, and men at the head of great business enterprises, who were then parishioners of Dr. Herrick Johnson. And these men when they heard of his lamented death recalled away from 1867 the precious memories of his ministry among them with warm and tender feeling, particularly that notable farewell service, which almost broke their hearts. The Pittsburgh press expressed, on every side, the universal sorrow over his going. "An event which is regarded by Christians of every name as a misfortune to the city." The people of the Third Church offered Dr. Johnson a long leave of absence, but in the uncertain state of Mrs. Johnson's health it was not clear that it would ever be safe or desirable to bring her back to the smoky atmosphere. So, and being unwilling to keep them in a state of suspense, he pressed his resignation, which was, finally, but sorrowfully accepted. The correspondent of the *New York Evangelist* said: "None who have heard him need be told of his power as an orator, and in regard to his constancy in labor we need only say that during the revival in this city last winter he preached for several months daily with almost

no help from any one. His church ranks second in the New School body, in point of liberality, yielding only to that of Dr. Adams of New York City."

It was decided that Dr. and Mrs. Johnson should go to Marquette, on Lake Superior, for the winter, and a small church being at that time without a pastor, he was invited to supply the pulpit. The change from the smoky atmosphere of Pittsburgh to the absolutely pure, clear, and bracing air of Lake Superior was most beneficial to both the preacher and his wife. Undoubtedly it was the principal cause of prolonging Mrs. Johnson's most valuable life for the many years in which they were subsequently enabled to live together. To Dr. Johnson it was a great tonic also. He wrote most enthusiastically of it. "Come up here and snuff this bracing air," he wrote. "It is more Superior than the Lake—grammar to the contrary notwithstanding. I have been out in it, this morning, taking a lung-bath. Whew! Two or three good draughts of it fairly lift one off the earth, making his feet like hinds' feet. It gives lightness and buoyancy to the frame, just as a joy does to the spirit. To a denizen of sooty Pittsburgh, who has been a dweller there in the midst of the cloud, and who has just come out of its blackness of darkness, this new atmosphere is especially an exhilaration and he goes rollicking in it with infinite zest." Later

on he wrote of the deepening of religious interest there to his great joy. He loved nothing so much as a genuine spiritual awakening. He flung himself into this movement with the greatest ardor. "Now," he writes, "religion is the topic of conversation everywhere. On the streets, across the counters, and in the work-shops and in the drinking saloons words are exchanged about the way to be saved. Even as at Ephesus, 'the Name of the Lord is magnified,' and mightily grows the word of God and prevails. Public hops go begging for patronage. The Presbyterian Church is crowded every night. The Baptists and the Methodists are equal sharers in the great blessing. Young men,—and the village swarms with them,—are standing up for Jesus. Strong men are bowed down and led of God like little children. Mad men who have fought against God and found out their shame, are sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind. Professional and business men have sought and found the Kingdom of Heaven. 'There is a solemn awe in our public assemblies. In the hushed stillness, it seems as if blinded sinners have caught the sound of the footfall of Jesus of Nazareth passing by, and have cried out to Him, and He has stood still and bidden them come to him, and they have received their sight.'"

He wrote to me also of the joy that filled his soul. He would go down on the shore of the Lake for solitude and prayer and praise. He

walked that shore in a sort of ecstasy, going over in his mind the line of his thought for the evening service and swinging his arms and shouting his praise. It was only a short time before this that the now most familiar hymn, "He leadeth me, O blessed thought," had appeared, and during the great revival of 1857 it was taken up and sung throughout the whole land. Dr. Johnson greatly loved it. He would go up and down the Lake shores, with only the great waters listening, and sing it at the top of his voice. Those were days of rapture, and he gave to his people at night the blessing that filled his soul those days by the great waters. Later on (in March) he wrote: "The religious interest commenced just prior to the Week of Prayer and has been sustained with great power ever since. Yesterday we celebrated the Sacrament of the Supper, and seventy-eight stood before the altar, to make public profession of their faith and dedicate themselves to God. It was a scene not often to be witnessed, and never to be forgotten."

Shortly after this Dr. Johnson received a unanimous call from the First Church of Philadelphia, for so many years the scene of the honored and fruitful ministry of the Rev. Albert Barnes. Mr. Barnes was himself deeply interested in Dr. Johnson's accepting the call, which we shall consider in a later chapter. But while waiting at Marquette through the beautiful summer weather, a great fire, for so small a city, consumed among

## TROY—PITTSBURGH—MARQUETTE 47

many other treasures all Dr. Johnson's sermons, all his MSS. of college and theological seminary notes, all his prize essays in college—in fine, everything. Thus he stood facing the responsibilities of a new parish in a great city, with none of the material which had accumulated in his active ministry to help him along. Here, too, he showed his virile manhood. He was not a whiner. He faced it as a call from God. In addressing a meeting of members of the Y.M.C.A. at Marquette, who had lost their building, he most urgently called upon them to meet their misfortunes bravely, and be prepared to make sacrifices, and to put up an edifice greatly in advance of the old one. He began his new work as successor of the Rev. Albert Barnes in the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, June, 1868.

### III

#### PHILADELPHIA, 1868-1874

“Whose high endeavors are an inward light  
That makes the path before him always bright?

More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure  
As tempted more, more able to endure  
As more exposed to suffering and distress,  
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

But who if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment, to which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,  
Is happy as a lover, and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;  
And through the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
In calmness made and sees what he foresaw;  
Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
Come when it will, is equal to the need.”

—WORDSWORTH.

**I**T will help us to see Herrick Johnson more clearly if we note him on the threshold of his larger field, particularly as an active promoter of the work of the Presbyterian Church as a great whole, in the union between the O. S. and the N. S. Churches, which took place in 1869. Many things had contributed to his very decided growth. His work among the sick and wounded soldiers in the Christian Com-

mission Hospitals, his intense patriotism, his deep anxiety over the serious illness of his beloved wife, his sorrowful experience in tearing himself away from the very dear church at Pittsburgh on account of her health; his great enjoyment of the air and scenery of Lake Superior; his rich experience of the unique revival in the little church at Marquette; the loss of all his MSS. by fire, which brought him to the heroic acceptance of a most trying providence just as he was about to take up a new work in the great city of Philadelphia, were all wrought into the very fibre of his manhood, and helped to make him a more sympathetic man, a broader man, a man of clearer vision, a more consecrated man, and a man of larger liberty, as well as to specially fit him for a wider sphere of usefulness in the great United Presbyterian Church.

This was most noticeable in the active debates in the Synod and in the General Assembly, by his hearty and enthusiastic advocacy of the Union of the two Assemblies—the O. S. and the N. S. He faced the opposition to it very vigorously. He vehemently insisted that there must be no surrender of such liberty in interpreting the standards as the New School Presbyterian Church had enjoyed. One of the religious papers, in reference to the debate on the Basis of Union in the New School Assembly, stated that "Dr. Johnson's earnest plea for liberty came

with all the more force because of his assent to the imputation of being Old School in Theology. Most fervently did our hearts go with him when he exclaimed: "Perish the union if such freedom is sacrificed to obtain it." In the same address he said, "There are differences between the Old School and the New School. They do really exist. And they ought to be recognized and acknowledged. To my mind they are not differences that justify the continued separation of the two great branches of the Presbyterian Church. I confidently believe that they are consistent with a hearty and harmonious union. Perhaps they could not be better expressed than in the words so happily used by Dr. Adams yesterday, in his address to the other Assembly as the delegate from this body. 'You said that you are the conservators of orthodoxy—we the conservators of liberty.' Now in the proposed Reunion on the Basis as presented, is it expected that the Old School are to yield their conservation of orthodoxy? No! Are we to yield our conservation of liberty? No! Perish the union rather than that. God forbid the union forever rather than that.

"A liberty within the limits of sound Calvinism, a liberty always enjoyed in the body, and exercised to-day fully as it was twenty years ago, it is neither our wish nor our purpose to surrender. Let it be distinctly understood. There should be no misapprehension in regard to the matter.

Let it go forth to the other Branch of the Church and to the world. Not a dozen votes in this Assembly, not a half-dozen Presbyteries in our whole connection would favor this Basis of Reunion, if its acceptance and adoption were thought to involve the giving up of this liberty. Such liberty, e.g., as recognizes and freely allows those views in theology that are held by Albert Barnes. Albert Barnes! revered, honored, beloved, ripened now to a golden completeness, ready to go to his grave in a full age like as a shock of corn cometh in, in its season, and ever presenting himself to my thoughts as of all men in the world, the guileless man. Our brethren take us as we are, we in like manner take them. Their orthodoxy is to put no clamps upon our hitherto enjoyed liberty. Our exercise of liberty is not to contaminate, nor pervert, nor in any way impair their orthodoxy. Liberty and orthodoxy meet together. Liberty and orthodoxy kiss each other. Henceforth they are to live in the same house, to sit at the same table, to worship at the same altars, to work in the same groves, to evangelize through the same organization. Henceforth they are to go hand in hand in mutual affection, fidelity, and trust. I thank God for it." "And let it be the fervent, earnest, constant prayer of all hearts that we go forth for our country's and the world's evangelization. *One* church, banded and bonded and welded together, holding the Cross, held by the Cross,

irradiated by the glories of it, stirred by the inspirations of it, our hearts swelling with the memories of it, and the outreach of that anguished heart of love that broke on Calvary, when Jesus with outstretched arms embraced a dying world."

In the mean time while all this discussion was going on, and committees were meeting, Dr. Johnson was intensely interested in the development of his field in the First Church. It was a great historic church and had been distinguished, for the thirty-seven years previous to his coming, by the presence in the pastorate of the distinguished Rev. Albert Barnes, whose annotation of various parts of Scripture, called *Barnes' Notes*, had a very wide circulation, more than a million copies being sold before the last revised edition was issued in 1872. These gave the author great eminence, together with the fact that he was tried for heresy on account of certain passages in his commentary on the Epistle to the Romans and acquitted. "He was leader of the New School Presbyterians when soon after his trial a definitive rupture occurred in the denomination." It was undoubtedly not only an interesting fact that his colleague years afterward, Dr. Johnson, was one of the foremost leaders to reunite these two bodies, but it was, as we know, a peculiar joy to him to serve Mr. Barnes and the United Church in this way. While it was a church of a great history, the poor

health of Mr. Barnes and his failing eyesight and the great change in the character of the population immediately surrounding the church, had caused a number of problems, as to its future. It had become a "downtown church." But quite a large number of its members, devotedly attached to Mr. Barnes and to the church, either refused to move away from its surroundings, or in moving away, still retained their membership in the old church.

It was to the upbuilding of this old and greatly honored church that Dr. Johnson devoted his best energies, recognizing at the same time the fact that his being the pastor of that church called for his co-operation with others in the great work opening before the whole Presbyterian Church of the country. He wrote almost constantly for the religious press. As chairman of the Synods Committee on Home Missions, he was so surprised and shocked at the story told by the statistical records as to the response of the churches in the Synod to the call of Home Missions, that his report to the Synod thrilled it, and roused the Presbyterians of the state. He declared that the "figures were startling and as shameful as they were startling." It shows the tact with which Dr. Johnson presented the humiliating condition of the interests of Home Missions, that instead of arousing antagonism there was a hearty and general acknowledgment of delinquency. He

espoused most enthusiastically the Y.M.C.A. movement in the city. He called the city's attention to the week of prayer, then near at hand. He began a series of sermons to young men, especially on Temperance and Amusements. There was a great interest developed in his churches at the time of, and after, the Week of Prayer. He held services every night. At the autumn communion twenty-four new members united with the church, four on profession of faith, and twenty by letter. On the first communion after the Week of Prayer, forty-three persons united with the church, thirty-three by profession and ten by letter. "No such ingathering had taken place in this church for more than a quarter of a century."

Then came the great meeting of the General Assembly at the Church of the Covenant in New York City with a corresponding meeting of the Old School Branch of the Church at the Brick Church, with the one burning question of the "Union" before both Assemblies; and after those speeches in its advocacy uttered by Dr. Johnson, to which I have already referred and from which I have quoted, The Basis for Union was adopted by both Assemblies and sent out by them to the Presbyteries for ratification, with the well-known and glorious result. After union was a foregone conclusion, Dr. Johnson wrote a rousing article on "After Reunion—What?" Everything that he wrote and said was rousing

and ringing, for all his powers were profoundly quickened for the work in hand.

In this article he wrote: "It has been claimed to be the ushering in of a new era. Shall it be seen that we have been imitating the example of some author who thunders only in the index? Is our apparent zeal for the glory of God to have the 'lame and impotent' conclusion of a great zeal for the glory of denominationalism? Or is there to issue out of reunion that which shall be a justification of our joy at its coming, and the fulfilment of the best prophecy on record of its beneficent results? To be content with making just such record of increase and efficiency of toil and triumph united as we made apart, will not answer. Something better and higher and grander is demanded of us. The United Church must be what the two branches of the Church never were—in life, in labor, in liberality. The old standards of Christian giving must be lifted away from their present altitude and set furlongs higher in the scale of obligation. The old grooves of Christian effort must give way to others in and through which there may be room for the play and sweep of greatly vitalized and enlarged activities; while our life—our spiritual life with God and in God—must be more vivid and intensely real. It must be closer and deeper, increasing the clearness of our conception and the firmness of our grasp, and the fervor of our love of things spiritual. First of all

therefore, paramount to every other thing we have to do, vital, in order to the gathering of such fruit of Union as may be, and ought to be, brought forth to the glory of God, everywhere throughout our entire borders, by the least and the greatest, by every individual member of our communion, there should be renewed commitment and consecration to Christ." Undoubtedly many noble souls felt in the same way about the spirit and purpose of the United Church, for its record since the Union has been very high, and has showed the Church nobly responsive to the meaning of the Divine Call.

I have quoted quite largely from Dr. Johnson's article "After Reunion—What?" in order to show the man and to make it plain how generously and responsively his soul leaped to the thought of the glorious possibilities in that United Church. As if he were speaking through a trumpet, he said, "Let pastors and people be urged to closet themselves with God, so that we shall not only be kept from the pride of Babel or Babylon builders, but brought into such close alliance with the Master, and in such close sympathy with His out-reaching and world-embracing Spirit as our Church has never known."

The two General Assemblies that had accepted The Basis for Union adjourned, with the ratification by the Presbyteries of both Branches to meet in Pittsburgh November 10, and formally unite. On that memorable day the Old School

body, emerging from the First Presbyterian Church, met the New School body, which had marched from the Third Presbyterian Church, and locking arms two by two, an Old School man and a New School man, in a procession of more than a thousand, they moved amid the cheers of a vast concourse of people through the streets, back to the Third Church, where as they filed into and settled themselves in its great audience room, the Moderator gave out the grand old hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name." There was hardly a dry eye in all that vast congregation. The United Church then adjourned to hold its first Assembly in May, 1870, in the historic First Church of Philadelphia; and it must have been particularly interesting and gratifying to Dr. Johnson, that the formal Union took place in his old church in Pittsburgh, and the First Assembly in his church in Philadelphia. He was the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the reception and carrying on of the Assembly, and showed in this office that he had as much business and executive ability as he had power in the pulpit and influence in the Assemblies. The patience, self-control, and good cheer with which he met all the exacting duties of his position won for him the admiration of the city as well as the Assembly. "Although the Assembly was more than double the size of ordinary Assemblies, every arrangement was most carefully and systematically made by Dr. Johnson and his

able Committee of Arrangements. No other Assembly was ever better cared for in advance. Dr. Johnson has won golden opinion from all for his patience, activity, and his courtesy, but few can ever know how much of his habitual nervous force has been expended in caring for this Assembly."

This year was full of intense activities. Dr. Johnson preached a series of notable sermons from which ultimately grew his very vigorous and attractive book, *Christianity's Challenge*, followed by a very able address at the Anniversary of Philadelphia's Bible Society. Then a memorial sermon at the death of his great predecessor—Albert Barnes. Then an address before the New York Association of Sunday School Teachers. "Dr. Johnson evidently impressed his audience with the belief that they were listening not only to one of the first thinkers on this great subject in this or any country, but to one of the truly spiritual divines of the day." Then came a protracted discussion on the wine question in which he took the ground that there were two kinds of wine referred to in the Scriptures—a sweet and harmless drink, and a fermented and alcoholic one—and urging the Christ could not have made nor used the latter. There was much earnest argument, not in the long run productive of the greatest good to the Temperance cause, and ultimately Dr. Johnson withdrew his claim, with characteristic honesty. Then came the

sixth Anniversary of the National Temperance Society, addressed by Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, Dr. T. L. Cuyler, Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, and Dr. Johnson.

Then came the commencement at Hamilton College, where Dr. Johnson was most active, and the report of the Committee (of which Dr. Johnson was chairman) on the New Hymn Book. It was attacked of course,—no New Hymn Book can escape that,—and the attack and criticism had to be reviewed and answered by Dr. Johnson, which in the main was done most satisfactorily, and the New Hymn Book received the General Assembly's endorsement. But the year had been such a strain upon his nervous force, that his church insisted upon his taking a long vacation, in Europe, in the spring of 1872. The *Evangelist* made the accompanying reference to his going, "We have much satisfaction springing from a sense of fitness of things, in the announcement that the Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, Rev. Herrick Johnson, D.D., is about to take a six months' respite in Europe, and this at the unanimous wish of his warmly attached people." Entering that field just before the destruction by fire at Marquette of all his sermons and MSS, "he succeeded to the pulpit of the man he perhaps most venerated in all the Church, and whose fame for ability and cultured resources was world-wide. The field was certainly no

sinecure; it never had been such; and now for obvious reasons, its demands as a downtown church with more than an uptown prestige were greater than ever before upon him who should adequately fill its pulpit and its pews, and at the same time make good the large place of Mr. Barnes in the councils of the Church, and at a period of peculiarly delicate readjustments.

“That Dr. Johnson has succeeded in abundantly satisfying and largely increasing his congregation and membership in spite of his pulpit and library losses, and his aptitude for outside labor of all sorts, incident to a laborious committeeman or a vigorous pen and ink tilt with the ex-President of Princeton on the wine question is just cause for congratulation and must be ascribed to excellent qualities of endurance, and no mistaken repute for power in the pulpit. He has succeeded in a great work and we are sure that the prayer of his people and of a host of friends throughout the Church will attend him and his wife as they now voyage from our shores in company with Dr. Cuyler in the good steamer *China*.”

It was my pleasure to sail the same summer, Dr. and Mrs. Johnson not knowing when they sailed (April 29, 1872) that I was soon to follow them. I met Dr. Cuyler in London, but found it very difficult to cross Dr. Johnson’s divergent paths, and at the same time follow out my plan. He wrote me from Innspruck: “How pleased and blest was I, and I am proving it by *improving*

the first opportunity to let you know of our movements. Your letter reached me this morning just as we are starting from Innspruck on our tour through Switzerland and the Tyrol. We expect to be in Zermatt about the 20th of July, passing along from here through the Ober-Engadine to the Julier Pass, seeing something of the Splugen, and its celebrated Via Mala, down to Regantz and so on to Andermatt, St. Gothard, and Furca. From Zermatt we now expect to make the pass of St. Theodule and the Via Aosta and Courmayeur around Mt. Blanc to Chamounix, and over Tête Noir to Martigny, then to Interlaken by the Gemmi Pass and to Lucerne and to Brientz. We may have to change our plans, but in any event I think we shall be in Interlaken and Lucerne somewhere about August 1st. Do meet us if possible. In great haste but in great affection, Herrick."

On receipt of this letter I planned to meet him and Mrs. Johnson at Interlaken. In the meantime, meeting Mr. and Mrs. F. Gridley of Buffalo and their son Charlie and Rev. Fred Kendall (son of the Rev. Dr. Kendall of the Home Board), we joined forces for a tour through a part of Switzerland. All of the men of this party were graduates of Hamilton College and members of Alpha Delta Phi. The younger men were on the *qui vive* to run across their college friend, the Rev. Maurice Edwards, for so many years pastor of one of the most prosperous Pres-

byterian churches of St. Paul, Minn. Tourists will understand how the faces of every group passed were scanned for friends. We had reached the quaint and lonely Grimsel Hospice and were in our rooms preparing for dinner, when I heard the college men of my party yelling like mad, and pounding away at the man they were looking for—Maurice Edwards, who had suddenly appeared in the corridor. As I stepped out from my room, towel in hand, and delighted with their joy, I heard a voice cry out of the dark corridor, "Hello, there's Charlie Rob!" It was Herrick, who was taking a pedestrian tour with Edwards from Monte Rosa, by Grimsel Hospice, and had stopped there just to rest for an hour. It was now his and my turn to yell as only college boys know how to, and to pound each other. Only those who have been through a similar experience can imagine our delight. We accompanied Johnson and Edwards for quite a little way up the zigzag path, singing our old familiar college songs and especially our Alpha Delta Phi songs, and then parted to meet in Interlaken.

Both parties united at Interlaken, putting up at the Hôtel des Alpes. We agreed to take turns in ordering the meals, and we furbished up our long-forgotten college French (poor at the best), and the waiters must have gone about wild over our attempts. I remember Dr. Johnson said to a waiter: "Do you speak English?"

"No English." "Bring us some bread, then." Mr. Fred Gridley, who had been longer from his college French than the rest of us, in his banking business at Buffalo, having made a most elaborate attempt to order a dinner for our party, came in at the appointed time and, seeing that the table was not yet spread, said, "Hello! Dinner n'est par ready, eh?" Dr. Maurice Edwards and myself are the only ones now left of that merry, happy party. I have no doubt but that he recalls the fun, the fellowship, the associations, and the tours with a very warm heart. It was a summer never to be forgotten.

Dr. and Mrs. Johnson reached their home in Philadelphia after six months' absence, invigorated and greatly improved in health. He found the Alpine climbing afforded him the best physical recuperation. Among the first things which he took up as he resumed his public duties was the Board of Education, to help students for the ministry, who had no means or insufficient means to pursue their long course of *at least* seven years. Some of the religious papers attacked the whole system of furnishing aid to poor students. Here is some of their argument raised against it: "If they are of the right metal, such stuff as the Church needs for leadership, they will get through." "Yes," Dr. Johnson replied, "but have we a right to compel them to get through at the expense of precious years, and often by wear and strain and self-

denial, pinching, starving, killing out of them the very spring and buoyancy of spirit with which they ought to come bounding to their work? It is all very well to talk about the 'discipline' of this thing. But there isn't a father in this land who would compel his son wholly to work his way through college, if he had the means to help. And is the Church to repeat the tyranny of the old Egyptian task-masters? Will she expect bricks without straw? Shall we urge the indifferent and unfit quality of the Board's Candidates and say they are a company of ne'er-do-wells? Probably there is no impression more prevalent in certain quarters. There certainly is none more utterly and mischievously erroneous. Many of the most widely influential and gifted ministers of our Church were assisted in their course of education. Cavilling, carping sceptics concerning this matter would be astonished at their roll-call."

Dr. Johnson was thoroughly aroused by these attacks upon the Board of Education, and he threw himself into the thick of the fight, to defend and strengthen this cause. There is no doubt but that the present unquestioned hold which this Board of Education has to-day on the heart of the Church is the fine fruit of Dr. Johnson's generous, spirited, and very able reply to charges made against the very system. He kept it up, with blow after blow, until he was the master of the field. It is due to his

priceless memory that this should be thoroughly understood.

In looking over the minutes and report of the General Assemblies for 1873 and 1874, one cannot help noting with admiration the practical quality of Dr. Johnson's addresses, which are at this time and further on very frequent. He had the mind of a business man as well as that of a great preacher. He was possessed of broad sympathies, and in all his many and impressive speeches took the wide and generous side. He believed that true soundness in the faith was fairly conditioned on such liberty as he fought for in coming into the United Church.

He might have been narrowly sectarian had it not been for his fair-mindedness and his great heart. We used to call him "Greatheart." Here is a letter to me from him, written soon after his and Mrs. Johnson's return from that European trip:

"Yes, it was a disappointment not to meet you again at Interlaken. I was gone ten days on that grand trip, a part of which was glorious and inspiring beyond all description. The last day was the superbest of all when I came directly across the snow and ice-fields over the Bernese Ober-land, descending by Schmadribach Falls, at the upper end of Lauterbrunnen Valley. If I could have had *you* along! Maurice Edwards had left me, and I was alone with

guide and porter, roped together, steps cut in ice, etc., etc. My people seem to think it would pay to send me abroad *every year*. I have been giving them 'Looks Abroad' Sabbath evenings; 'France and Her Falsehood of Extremes,' 'Germany and the Old Catholic Movement,' 'Switzerland and the Lessons of Her Everlasting Mountains,' 'England and Her Establishment,' 'The Sea and Its Lessons.' They have asked me to repeat the course, to publish it in book form, and to do this or that most foolish thing. I consented by very special and wide request to repeat the sermon on Switzerland, as a great many did not hear it on its first delivery, who were especially desirous of listening to that particular sermon. I, too, am very much better than when we first landed, and my wife has been very much improved also. Work abounds, duties multiply. The week of prayer brought its special anxieties, no great cloud gathers over us. But we continue some services. How about Troy? You're a brave fellow to go extemporizing. I'm a coward and daren't. Love to all from us both. Affectionately,

"HERRICK."

He was put in charge of the Westminster series of Sunday school lessons. He was the President of the Board of Education, and Chairman of the Presbyterial Committee on Foreign Missions, and gave in the summer of 1873 at

the Hamilton College commencement a notable address on "The Priceless Value of American Citizenship." But the strain upon him had become altogether too great. That early summer while I was visiting him at Philadelphia, I referred to the various calls he had been getting from Dr. Eells' church in Brooklyn, from the First Church of Syracuse, etc., but he was not ready to accept any of them. He confessed to being very much broken by overwork. He felt that his strength was failing and that he dare not stay where he was, and owned that the invitation from Auburn Theological Seminary to the Chair of Homiletics and Sacred Rhetoric presented itself very attractively in its opportunity for quiet and rest, and that he would probably go there. He loved Auburn; it was still the home of his wife's family, and the whole city loved him and would give him a proud and glad welcome.

## IV.

### AUBURN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, 1874-1880

“‘I am the True Vine,’ said our Lord, ‘and Ye, My Brethren, are the Branches;’ and that Vine, Then first uplifted in its place, and hung With its first purple grapes, since then has grown, Until its green leaves gladden half the world, And from its countless clusters rivers flow For healing of the nations, and its boughs Innumerable stretch through all the earth, Ever increasing, ever each entwined With each, all living from the Central Heart. And you and I, my brethren, live and grow, Branches of that immortal human Stem.”

—H. E. HAMILTON KING.

**H**ERRICK JOHNSON had never tried teaching, but he had the teacher’s instinct, contact with a lot of young men looking forward to the gospel ministry specially appealing to him. And, turning from the pressure and fever of city life, he was in just the condition to feel strongly the drawing of that special work. Nor was he mistaken. It was the open door to the great work of his life. For over thirty years from that time he was an inspiration to hundreds of splendid

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young men, who in their enthusiasm, and without at all disparaging other professors, used to speak of him with great affection. Of course it was a hard pull to leave his church in Philadelphia. The people loved him in all the relations which he held toward them and were very proud of him, and he most reluctantly yielded to his profound conviction that it was the Hand of God leading him to Auburn. That was many years ago, and a very large part of the church which held so tenaciously upon him has gone to the Heavenly land. But one of his devoted friends there is still living, Mr. Abraham R. Perkins, of Germantown, Philadelphia, and he writes me: "From 1868, when Dr. Johnson came to us, he was my very dear friend, and I miss him daily; he was an inspiration in earlier days, and a joy to be with always."

Of course there was no time to hang heavy in his new field, all his lectures on Homiletics and Rhetoric having to be newly written. But the quiet of the Auburn life in which to carry on all this writing was a great relief. He could never be idle. Every hour was filled. Then the fellowship with the students, the contact with their fresh young life, just at that time of his own middle life, when many men allow themselves to feel old, brought back the old days of joyful vigor and youth. All this was so entirely new as to furnish the radical change in feeling and association which he needed, so that while

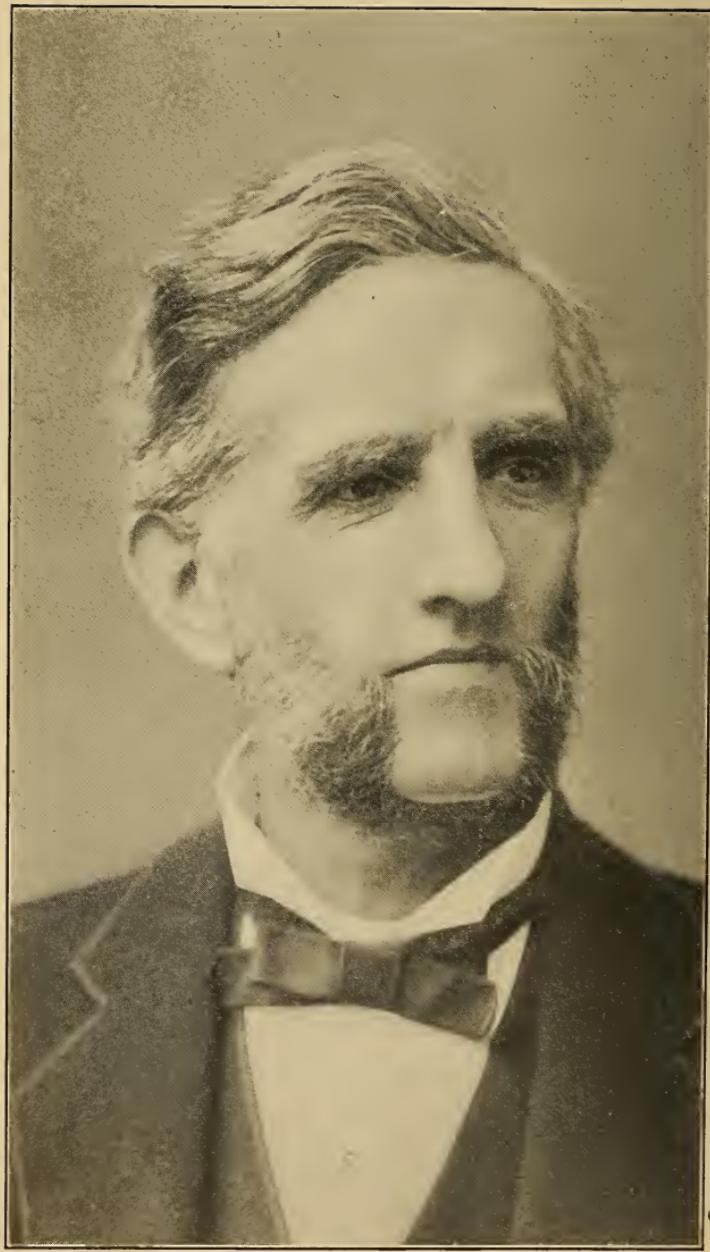
he worked hard, he felt it to be grandly new and inspiring. But then Herrick Johnson never came to the time when life ceased to be "grand" and "new" and "inspiring."

Through the generosity of a number of his friends, mainly in Philadelphia, a very attractive and commodious house for the new Professor and Mrs. Johnson was erected. It was the habit of the Faculty of Auburn Seminary to be hospitable, and Dr. and Mrs. Johnson were pre-eminently so. They made their beautiful home most delightful to the young men. That was a distinguishing feature of the more than thirty years of their seminary life.

Auburn Seminary had always held a unique position among the theological seminaries of the country. Such men as Richards, and Mills, and Hall, and Huntington, and Condit, and Hopkins, and Shedd had been among the professors in its earlier history. It had at that time on the roll of its Alumni the names of some of the foremost men in the Church, and in some of the foremost positions of trust and responsibility. Over two hundred of its graduates were at that time in the pulpits of the four or five Synods of the Empire State. Its buildings for the accommodations of its students are unsurpassed by any in the land.

On the occasion of Dr. Johnson's installation into the Chair of Homiletics and Sacred Rhetoric, the prayer of inauguration was offered by the





Dr. Herrick Johnson in Middle Life.

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Rev. J. B. Condit, D.D., the address to the newly inaugurated professor delivered by the President of Hamilton College, S. G. Brown, D.D., LL.D., and the welcome given by Rev. Thomas C. Strong, D.D., President of the Board of Commissioners. Then came the Inaugural Address by Dr. Johnson. I would like to give it in full, but the limits of this little book forbid that, but I cannot refrain from quoting his closing words: "Its supreme aim, its subject-matter, its ruling spirit, its unearthly sanctions, its coöperating agent—these are some of the great and mighty ideas which stand indissolubly connected with the work of preaching and which uplift and glorify the homiletic art, and are fitted to arouse a lofty enthusiasm in its prosecution. What are mortal daubings on canvas when painting can be done with eternity for a background; what are Thorwaldsen's or Angelo's chiselings in marble, when sculptured souls may be the immortal product of our toil? What is it to make poems and orations, to kindle only natural emotions, when sermons may be made which shall put a new song on the lips of immortal men to be sung forever?

"Surely it is a shame to students of God's mysteries if they grow not in love with their homiletic toil. Men pursue their secular arts. They go to the preparation of marble and canvas and poem with hearts beating all aglow with enthusiasm, fired with a passion for their work.

Ought not this divinest of art, which it is the special province of the Chair of Sacred Rhetoric to teach, to waken a grander enthusiasm and to possess with a more consuming zeal? Do I magnify my office? Be it freely acknowledged. God grant that I may magnify it by future deed as well as by present speech. I come to the Chair of Sacred Rhetoric in this institution with the profound conviction that what the pulpit of our day most needs is just this: not better theologians, not greater learning, not vaster stores of information, but the art of using what it already possesses. If the element of enthusiasm could be put into the preparation and delivery of sermons all over the land, in thousands of instances the effect would be like a resurrection of the dead. The art of preaching has been sadly and widely ignored and forgotten in a too exclusive and absorbed attention to the subject-matter. The structural work of sermonizing, the rhetorical form, the adaptation in methods and dress of thought to the best efforts have far too little heed, while sermons are far too often delivered with a sameness and slovenliness, and utter indifference to oratorical excellence scarcely befitting the common talk of the street.

“The pulpit wants (is it extravagant to say it?) above all else enthusiastic homiletes, men not only consecrated to the general work of the ministry, but fired with a passion for the art of

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preaching, filled with a holy zeal for effective sermonizing, men who shall be more earnestly and sacredly ambitious to have the best methods of preaching and to know how to use them so as to exert power over men, and win prizes in the arena where souls may be won, than the old Grecians were to excel as athletes and win prizes in the ancient games. May God help us, here in this seminary, to make such men." To this work Dr. Johnson gave the rest of his life (over thirty years) with an enthusiasm and devotion that never faltered.

In looking over the record of his first year in Auburn, one has to smile at the hope felt by him, of securing more quiet and ease. Aside from his having to prepare at least three new lectures a week in Homiletics, and to devote time to drilling the students in "Prayer Meeting Talks" and listening to a sermon from each one of the Senior Class in turn every week, and giving a most thorough and elaborate criticism, in every case, he preached in the surrounding cities—Utica, Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo, and Rochester. He addressed the Woman's Temperance Society. He attended the General Assembly and entered very earnestly and elaborately into its discussions, especially the theme which at that time was at the front—"Consolidation." Dr. Johnson was on a committee which, all but himself, favored the movement to consolidate the Boards in a mighty whole. He pre-

sented a minority report, opposing a wholesale movement to combine the Boards, and really secured the settlement of the question on the basis of his report, and which has given shape to the order and efficiency of the Boards ever since.

Then came the Auburn Seminary commencement, where at that time the graduating class offered orations. The preparation of these and the drilling of the speakers were under the care of Dr. Johnson. Then came his Inauguration Address, to which I have already referred. Right after that Dr. Johnson preached in the First Church under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., soon after he attended the commencement at Williams College, where the paper stated that he delivered a "masterly discourse before the Mills Society." During the summer months he supplied the Union Services in Hudson, N. Y. All this, with a number of articles written in answer to criticisms upon the "New Hymnal" (the work of a committee of which Dr. Johnson was chairman), and the constant work with his classes in the seminary made the year anything but quiet and restful, though he was very well and happy in his work.

Dr. Johnson had become so much a part of the life of Auburn that there was hardly anything going on in its literary or religious life in which he was not invited to take a prominent part. He liked to identify himself with the

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pleasant social life of the city. His good nature, his humor, his dramatic ability, all lent a charm to any entertainment that his friends were engaged in. Just at that time there was a craze rife through the country for spelling bees, and the Opera House was crowded on such occasions. Dr. Johnson not only was there, but he also took a very prominent part—that of enunciator of the words to be spelled. There was great fun which he not only furthered, but greatly enjoyed. At the summer resorts which he was in the habit of visiting, he was the centre of the social life, joining most heartily in the charades, games, and tableaux, while he particularly enjoyed the impromptu musicals. His dramatic talent, together with his facility in illustration, made his addresses to children charming. They were simply fascinated by him. It was only amusements that had sin in them which he opposed; clean fun he delighted in. He never would have preached as he did in Philadelphia, and especially in Chicago, against theatres, if the plays had been moral and elevating. Pure comedy he would have greatly enjoyed.

The great city churches could not let him alone. They felt that a man of his ability should be more in the centre of power. The Collegiate Church in New York, which had greatly enjoyed his summer supplies, enthusiastically called him with the offer of a very large salary. After

mature and prayerful consideration, he declined the call. The Collegiate Church repeated the call, but he found himself unwilling to go out of the bounds of the Presbyterian Church, to which he was much attached. Later the Clason Avenue Presbyterian Church, of Brooklyn (the church started by Dr. Joseph T. Duryea), called him. He was greatly drawn to that church, and considered the call very prayerfully. He knew the joy of being a pastor. But it had been shown him that God had given him power to educate pastors. "His five years in Auburn had made this so evident to his brethren, that it could not fail to be evident to himself," and so he declined this call also, deciding to remain at Auburn. A committee of some of the most prominent men of Brooklyn went up to Auburn and returned home without being able to induce him to reconsider his refusal to accept their call. He wrote me about it September 27, 1878, as follows:

"I am grateful to you for your words of warm appreciation and hearty sympathy. They have been helpful in the matter that has been before me. I was in New York on Friday and Saturday, September 13 and 14, seeking facts and judgments, and after several personal, and in some cases quite protracted, conferences, I came up to Albany, passed the Sabbath there, returned home on Monday, and on that day sent

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back my formal declination. They telegraphed on receipt of it, urging a reconsideration, but as no additional reasons were given, I replied by telegraph negatively. They then requested another interview at Albany last Saturday (the committee were here, at Auburn, in full force the week before) and I met them at noon at the 'Delevan.' It was a long and precious, and painful interview. They were noble men, and they treated me nobly, and their whole presentation of the case was honorable, urgent, and most affectionate.

"I never had so great a trial of this kind in my life. But the call did not take on that imperativeness, which I think a call should, to move a man from a place where he is already satisfied and useful. I *could not* see that it was my *duty to go*. I confess the balances seemed often even and the case doubtful. It was hard to decide where the greater usefulness might be possible. I gave the benefit of the doubt to Auburn, and reluctantly told the good brethren that I saw no reason for a change of decision. It was hard, Charlie. I don't want to go through such another trial very soon. But it has made me acquainted with some of the choicest spirits I ever met. Since the decision I have been resting in it, as of God in His Providence, and I do believe it to be right.

"Yours very affectionately,  
"HERRICK."

Almost immediately after having settled this question of the Brooklyn call, Dr. Johnson threw himself with an enthusiasm characteristic of him into the work of advancing very materially the interests of his beloved Alma Mater, Hamilton College. He plied the *Evangelist* with article after article, fairly burning with white heat with his intense love for the college. His first contribution was "Do the Living Church and the Living College Go Together?" "Shall the College Be Christian?" followed with a strong article on "Shall the Presbyterian Church of the State of New York Have a College?" Then another, "A College at Our Door," followed by an urgent contribution, "Our Splendid Opportunity," and still another, "Our Smaller Colleges."

In the meantime he went to Philadelphia to pay an eloquent and exquisite tribute to the memory of Dr. E. R. Beadle. The correspondent of the *Evangelist* wrote of it: "The most prominent service in the Presbyterian pulpit on last Sabbath was the memorial discourse delivered in the Second Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, by Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Auburn, N. Y., in commemoration of the life and services of the late Dr. E. R. Beadle, pastor for thirteen years of the Second Church. Dr. Johnson came from Auburn at the request of the church, and, prompted by love for the memory of him with whom he had been intimately asso-

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ciated while they were pastors together in Philadelphia. The sermon was a fine one, wrought out with great completeness, and formed an eloquent loving tribute to the memory of his friend." Right after that came a call from the First Church of Utica, which he declined, leading the *Evangelist* to say: "The papers say that Dr. Herrick Johnson has declined a call to the First Presbyterian Church of Utica. This will encourage all the churches that are after him, and have not yet been refused."

But there came a call from the Fourth Church of Chicago, which at first he also declined, but which was renewed with arguments and reasons to which he had to pay such heed as led him finally to accept it. Perhaps nothing will more clearly present these reasons and their effect upon him than a letter which he wrote to me from Auburn April 9, 1880:

"I have at last succumbed, as you doubtless have seen by the papers. The pressure has been persisting and augmenting, until I was brought face to face with considerations that clinched my conscience and made me feel the grip of an 'ought.' It came to look as if I must go to Chicago, or fight against God. Doors of usefulness are opened, through which I see limitless possibilities of power. I am offered a lectureship in the Seminary, which will be no draft of a serious nature, and in which I can go on giving

to students the cream of what I have been giving here. It will only be supplemental to the Chair of Sacred Rhetoric. The details of the department, the drill work, and much of the instruction, will, of course, fall to the occupant of the chair. This arrangement is to continue only as I wish and to the extent of work I may find myself equal to. Then McCormick throws wide open the *Interior*, and says I may use it as I wish. Then there is our struggling University at Lake Forest to be placed on a broad stable foundation, and to be made the Presbyterian University of the whole vast interior of our country. Behind me, and assuring me of all sympathy and coöperation, will be the Fourth Church, possessing millions to-day, and humanly speaking certain of adding millions more to the wealth now held by its members.

"The Church is now free from debt, is in the best position of Chicago, has no Presbyterian church within two miles of it, and is full of activity and alive with workers. Among the latter are some of the noblest women on the continent, according to the testimony of Mitchell. It is possible, of course, that I go to great trial, disappointment, strife of soul, and failure. No matter! I never believed more fully that I was in the path of duty, and if not even my lowest and least hope is realized, I shall continue to feel that this was of God. If it is not to permit me to do some greater work for Him, then it may be

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to show me more of Himself, through the path of trial and by the way of cloud and storm. My blessed Katie goes with me, full of the same quiet belief. We have been singularly alike in our feeling about it all. We have both had other preferences. Personal tastes would have led us eastward, if we were to move at all. We both felt the first declination of this matter was right and yet we both had lingering doubts whether, after all, a mistake had not been made, when the pressure was renewed under entirely new conditions, and conclusion in favor of going was reached, we rested in it as of God.

“ You must cease not to pray for us—you and Clara. It is a trial to leave dear old Auburn, but the very reasons I had been accustomed to urge for staying were turned upon me as persuasive to come to Chicago—Seminary and College pleading there and offering facilities for doing some things I could hardly hope to do here. Keep on loving your old friend, and remember as you strike for Hamilton and Auburn, and the dear Lord above all, that in the interior of the continent somebody’s heart beats in sympathy always. As ever,

“ HERRICK.”

A correspondent for the *Evangelist*, writing from Auburn, said of his going to Chicago: “ A great deal that is true and beautiful in life will go from us when Dr. and Mrs. Johnson leave

Auburn. It seemed so fitting that the gifted daughter of Mr. Hardenburg, himself a poet, should find a beautiful home on the very ground given by her honored father sixty years ago for the 'Theological Seminary of the Western Education Society.'

"We hoped that the fair scion would take deep root in that genial soil, and that we might long 'sit under its shadow with great delight.' We know how well both Dr. and Mrs. Johnson have fulfilled their duty in the honorable position which they have occupied among us, and it is with great reluctance that we admit the thought that a more important and promising field of usefulness now opens before them." And Dr. S. M. Hopkins, giving the farewell address to the then graduating class, said of Dr. Johnson's going: "Long live the King, who goes from us to occupy a broad and noble field of usefulness in another part of the Church. We have kept him as long as we could keep so successful a pulpit orator, and a little longer, I think, than he promised to stay when he came."

V

THE FOURTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
OF CHICAGO, ILL., 1880-1883

“Happy is the man taught by the truth itself,  
Not by the shapes and sounds that pass across his life.”  
—THOMAS À KEMPIS.

**D**R. JOHNSON was installed pastor of the Fourth Church of Chicago, May 30, 1880, Dr. Arthur Mitchell, then pastor of the First Church, preaching. The charge to the pastor was delivered by the Rev. R. W. Patterson, D.D., and the charge to the people by Dr. D. S. Johnson.

In the autumn he began his course (contemplated when he came to Chicago) of lectures on Sacred Rhetoric to the students of the Seminary of the Northwest. The following is the formal request of the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors: “Resolved, that in accordance with the suggestion of Mr. McCormick, and with the entire concurrence of Dr. Halsey, Professor of Natural Theology and Church Government, Rev. Herrick Johnson, D.D., be, and he hereby is, respectfully and earnestly invited to deliver a course of lectures in Sacred Rhetoric to the classes of the Seminary during the coming

annual session, Mr. McCormick having given Dr. Johnson satisfactory personal obligations for this service."

The substantial consideration is understood to have been two thousand dollars. On November 7th of that year the Second Church of Auburn, where Dr. Johnson had preached for a long time, while he was professor at Auburn, held its fiftieth anniversary of their organization as a church, and very naturally sent him an urgent invitation to be present at their celebration. I give herewith his letter to show how he bound men and churches to him by the strong cords of his loving heart:

"71 Rush Street, Chicago, Nov. 7, 1880.

"MY DEAR BROTHER ALLBRIGHT:

"All my heart goes out in congratulation to you and the dear people of the Second Church on the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary as an organized body of Jesus Christ. Jubilate! And how I would like to join you in the glad song! Something of my life went down into the church when I touched it a little while ago. Something of my life went down into your life also, dear Allbright, when we walked and talked together in your student days. So it would be a right joyous thing to touch all your palms next Wednesday night and join personally in the greetings of that good hour. But duties here forbid, and I must be content with a written

'God bless you,' and a hand-shake half-way across the continent. Success to you, old half-century! Renew your youth like the eagle! Abide in strength, thou strong bow! Go forth with joy and singing, beautiful bride of Jesus! Up with invisible walls to click of unseen trowel and with living masonry, O Zion of Auburn!

"Yours in toil and love,

"HERRICK JOHNSON."

On November 21, 1880, Dr. Johnson began a series of sermons, or lectures, to be delivered in Farwell Hall, Sunday afternoon, which attracted very wide attention. The germ of them was started in Philadelphia. But it was not until this time that he elaborated them to the extent of making a notable book, called *Christianity's Challenge*. The topics of the lectures were "Christianity's Challenge," "Christianity's Book," "Christianity's Christ," "Christianity's Gospel of Definiteness," "Christianity's View of Man," "Christianity's Endless Death," "Christianity and Endless Life." At the close of the series, the lectures were published. Circulation of the book was wide-spread, and has done an incalculable amount of good. One of the daily papers said: "It is certain to make a marked impression upon the religious thought of the times. It fills an unoccupied place in religious literature, and upon every page shows the hand of a master." "He is doing a good work in the

Fourth Church, and exerts a healthful influence beyond it. He never preached with greater power, more evangelically, spiritually, and affectionately than now, whilst as a Lecturer on Sacred Rhetoric he will do much to give character to our future ministry."

"He is a man of medium size and striking physique, having in every respect the air and manner of a Christian gentleman. The deep overhanging brow, piercing eye, unaided by glasses, so generally necessary to clergymen of his age, denote the great preponderance of the intellectual above the physical. But it is as the rhetorician and elocutionist that we specially admire this man. His style is clear and to the point. His delivery unlike that of many of the clergy, who seem to discharge a perfunctory duty, was filled with energy, the voice, although not a young man's, resounding at times through the spacious edifice, clear and wonderfully distinct, yet managed with grace and elasticity, we could not but think it a first-class opportunity for our young and even older clergy to gather a few elocutionary hints from this master of the art of public speaking."

At this time, 1881, the Revised Version of the New Testament came out, and the leading Chicago papers sent reporters to get the view of it from the various city pastors. Dr. Johnson replied: "You ask for my judgment respecting the practical utility of the new version of the

New Testament for public, personal, and home use. The new version will tell every reader of the New Testament more nearly the exact truth of God. This is its supreme and eminently practical advantage. Nothing whatever can compensate for the lack of it. Nobody wants gloss and false guise in God's Word, whether for use in family prayers, private devotion, or Bible study. Sentiment, sonorous form, musical structure, old association, however sacred, everything must give way to truth. The new version is an honest, thorough, scholarly effort to get at the mind of the spirit, and to give that mind exact expression.

"If it be said that archaisms, grammatical inaccuracies, and interpolations could be explained, the reply is, The Art of Scripture should explain itself. 'Take no thought for to-morrow' wants clearing up. 'Be not anxious for to-morrow' makes its meaning stare the reader in the face. 'Charity' sends the ordinary reader's thought at once to alms-giving. 'Love' has largeness enough for all that is wrapped up in the original Greek. 'The lamp of the body is the eye;' how luminous that makes the passage, the 'light' of which has been 'darkness' to multitudes. And so on all through. If it be said that the new version will disturb the faith, the reply is that the faith that is disturbed by the *truth* rests in the letter and is not worth keeping."

On July 4, Dr. Johnson delivered an address

to the Mills Society at Williams College, "of very great ability and excellence, producing a profound impression. He has a brilliant, lucid, and nervous style both of writing and speaking, his thoughts are incisive and his views of truth and duty such as the age and all ages demand. He has that accuracy of epithet, pertinency of illustration, and that peculiar choice and collocation of words, which not only finish the sentence when it is concluded, but which arm the close of it with an explosive quality like that of a minie bullet."

On Dr. Johnson's return to Chicago, in the fall of 1881, the papers were full of various accounts of a suspension of a member in a Presbyterian church for dancing. On account of Dr. Johnson's decided views concerning certain forms of amusements, the press very naturally desired to get his opinion of this special case, and I am glad to quote his reply to show how sane his views were: "I hardly think that the statement of the case can be the correct one. I think that the Presbyterian Church without any question leaves that sort of thing to the individual conscience. There must have been something else in connection with that case beyond what is shown on the face of it. It cannot be possible that the Synod or Presbytery can have disciplined any man simply for indulgence in a cotillion. It certainly cannot be made a condition of church membership, and such a provision

is not in the bounds of our Church, so far as I know—anywhere. If such a rule is made in any individual case, it is without the authority of the Church. Dancing is not a matter of discipline, and, in my judgment, ought not to be. It is one of that class of indulgences that comes under the law of things indifferent. It is one of those things which is not wrong or right of itself, but only the one or the other in connection with surrounding circumstances. Therefore it is a thing which must be left for settlement as to its moral bearings to the individual conscience.

“The great law of our Church in reference to church membership is this, namely, that there are no conditions of church membership which are not likewise conditions essential to salvation. In other words, we do not believe in making it harder to get into church than it is to get into Heaven. That is the great principle on which our Church is founded. I would here state that there is a very mistaken notion abroad that we are bigoted and narrow-minded, and needlessly strict, when the real truth is, that we are among the broadest and freest of churches in reference to conditions of church membership, in that our reception of members is based upon the fundamental law to require no more conditions for church membership than we claim as necessary to secure salvation.”

In 1881 and 1882 Dr. Johnson began a series of sermons entitled “Plain Talk About the

Theatres," which greatly roused the city. Friends of the theatres, both in the Church and out, claimed that Dr. Johnson's unfamiliarity with the theatre made him a very unfair critic. He was vehemently attacked by theatre managers, prominent actors, stockholders of theatres, by leaders of fashionable clubs. He was charged with narrowness and ignorance; some contributors to the papers treated him courteously, others vituperatively. It was not like him to enter upon such a crusade without preparation. "Ordinarily," said one of the religious papers, "a minister is placed at a great disadvantage in attacking the theatre, because from actual attendance he knows nothing of what goes on there. But in this case the dramatic writers for the daily papers, by their sweeping criticisms and denunciations of trashy and immoral plays, which the theatres have for the most part exhibited, supplied Dr. Johnson with a well-stocked armory of weapons, and he made tremendously effective use of them. The latest chapter of the controversy is this: The Hon. E. C. Larned, an old and most reputable citizen of the city, published an open letter to Dr. Johnson, in which he courteously defended the theatre, and maintained that all its immoralities could be corrected if Christians and good people generally would come to the support of the theatre, and patronize only clean plays. Never was a luckless and self-confident adven-

turer in the Alps more completely overwhelmed by an avalanche than was Mr. Larned by the reply which his defence brought forth from Dr. Johnson."

These sermons and articles in defence from the attacks made upon him were gathered in a book named *A Plain Talk About the Theatre*, published by Revell. In the same season was issued a book, *Revivals, Their Place and Power*. Both books received a great deal of attention. Soon after this, in the spring of 1882, the General Assembly met in Springfield. There was a great deal of interest shown in the election of a Moderator and a number of candidates. There was a special desire to do away with the recognition of the old divisions in the Church, before the reunion. Regularly the alternation of Moderators' Old School and New School went on year after year. The special objection against any minister nominated would be that as the retiring Moderator formerly belonged to the Old School, it would never do to elect this new man to the high office, because he too had been an Old School man. Several candidates were nominated, when Judge Moore of Chicago rose and nominated Dr. Herrick Johnson, not only because of his marked ability, but also because he belonged to the same school that the retiring Moderator belonged to—the New School. Judge Moore, himself an Old School man, said he wanted to break up this

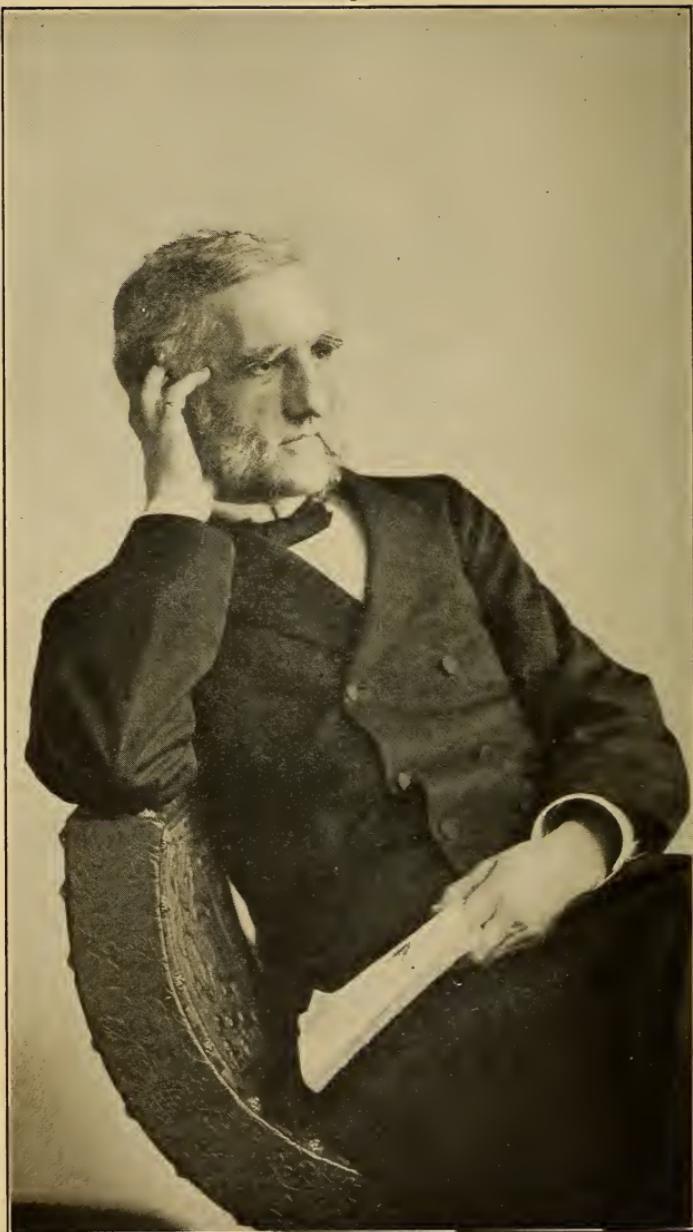
regular oscillation between the New School and Old School. He hoped that the time had gone by when they could nominate a man only because he belonged to either the New or Old School. Dr. Johnson received 354 of the 444 votes cast. Thus the last trace of the old schism was obliterated.

The friends of Dr. Johnson, especially from the Chicago Presbytery, were naturally very much pleased over his election, claiming that the large majority was an indorsement of his warm fight against the theatres in Chicago the winter before. They claimed that the Presbyterian Church of the United States was in accord with Dr. Johnson in that fight, and that this large majority was his indorsement. The *Chicago Times* said: "Dr. Herrick Johnson, the able Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, of this city, who has been giving such heavy blasts against the theatre lately, was yesterday chosen presiding officer of the Presbyterian General Assembly of the United States, in session at Springfield, Ill. Dr. Johnson may be a little too radical on the amusement question, but there are few abler theologians or pulpit orators than he is." Dr. Howard Crosby wrote him as follows:

" My DEAR DR. JOHNSON:

" I am rejoiced to hear of your election as Moderator. There is no man who more fitly represents the old and the new than yourself.





Dr. Johnson as he was at "McCormack."

You are conservative and yet in the front rank of progress. With your administration the lines are obliterated entirely. I feel like having a bonfire in my yard to-night in honor of the occasion. God bless your presidency, and may the blessed Spirit baptize the Assembly.

“Yours in Christ,

“HOWARD CROSBY.

The *New York Independent* said of him: “The personnel of the Assembly may be sketched in a sentence. It is a body of good balance, sense, industry, and earnestness. It is composed in good part of the younger men of the Church, with enough of its more experienced leaders to keep its work well in hand and to carry it on according to proper forms and by approved methods. Its Moderator, Dr. Herrick Johnson, was chosen according to a deliberate purpose to bury the dividing lines between Old School and New School out of sight forever.

“The Moderator is a success—a fine parliamentarian, prompt in decision, and positive in rulings and courteous always, he drives the business along as seeming not to drive it, and inspires the Assembly always with his own cheerful, energetic, and devout spirit.” Undoubtedly the most interesting, exciting, and momentous time in the Assembly was when the overture of the Presbyterian Church, South, was presented to seek for fellowship with a desire that the

“Bloody Chasm,” caused by the war, be bridged, and both Churches meet in cordial fellowship. After a very spirited and exciting debate, growing out of an intense desire to do nothing that would detract from the past record of the Church on loyalty, a response to the courteous and Christian advance made by the Presbyterian Church, South, was agreed upon amidst immense enthusiasm, cheers, tears, and doxologies.

The action of the Moderator when he had withdrawn temporarily from the chair that he might take part in the debate, revealed his intense loyalty and his truly fraternal feeling toward the Southern Church. Dr. Johnson spoke with the fiery eloquence of a patriot, pleading for his country. He spoke excitedly, for he *was* excited, and his supporters and opponents were for the moment carried away with his eloquence. When he closed with the declaration that he would lose his right arm before he would trample on the graves of the Union soldiers in the South, and say that treason was right, there followed such a storm of applause as is rarely seen in such a convention. Johnson never became so eloquent in his warfare on the vices of Chicago as when defending the loyalty of his church. And when he introduced his amendment to the troublesome motion it was carried with a loud and enthusiastic vote. At the conclusion of the business of the Assembly, Dr. Charles L. Thomp-

son moved a vote of thanks to the Church, the city, and the Governor with a happy address such as he knows specially how to deliver. He said that their Assembly might be called the Assembly of the Apostle John, while Dr. Matthew Newkirk, in seconding the resolution, said that they were not only in the spirit of the Apostle John, but of the Apostle Johnson. The *Interior* said: "The Assembly has never had a better Moderator, nor one, all things considered, so good, within our recollection. Quick, clear, correct, and courteous, holding the business fully in hand, giving no offence, dispatching business with a rush, he was a model all through."

In his 1882 vacation Dr. Johnson went to Lake George, and one of the papers of the time said of him: "Dr. Herrick Johnson and wife have come down from Saratoga, and beyond as far as Lake George, to Ocean Grove, from whence he will run up once more, next Sabbath, to preach to those who may gather at the Marble Collegiate Church on Fifth Avenue at Twenty-ninth Street. His people out in Chicago will be glad to hear that he is in the best of health, and moreover, has just been surprised and complimented here in New York by the reception of the George Wood medal for the 'Premium Tract on the Glory of Christ,' his recent volume, entitled *Christianity's Challenge*, having been adjudged by the proper committee of the American Tract Society as above all competitors entitled to

this special and golden distinction. The medal is very handsomely engraved, every way a worthy memento of a work which, we are glad to say, is having a large sale.

"This medal has been awarded for eight years past, the first time to Dr. Theo. Christlieb of the University of Bonn for his *Modern Doubt and Christian Belief*, and last year to George Smith, LL.D., for his life of Dr. Alexander Duff. Now an American has won it, and will wear it humbly as already the more signal honors of this sumptuous year which fell upon his shoulders from the Springfield sky."

Through the autumn of this same year there was much to be done in answering criticisms from Southern sympathizers and conservatists regarding the way the Assembly, under his leadership, settled the reply to the overture of the Southern Church. All these criticisms faded out in due season, and time showed that the Southern and Northern Churches as a result of that action came nearer than ever before. It was in that summer that he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the Trustees of Wooster University.

In the fall of 1889 the Seminary of the Northwest changed its name to that of McCormick Theological Seminary for very good reasons. It had been for years under the fostering care of the distinguished Mr. Cyrus McCormick, who, with Mrs. McCormick, his coadjutor in

every good word and work, had put up building after building, and added immensely to the endowment of the institution. After his death, his family still farther added greatly to the endowment, and the Trustees in grateful recognition of it all, changed the name to that of the McCormick Theological Seminary, making it a monument of his and his family's generous care of the great institution. The relation which Dr. Johnson held to that family was one of great affection on both sides. Through all his long and honorable career as a distinguished professor in the seminary, the friendship with that family was ever most inspiring to him.

## VI

### McCORMICK THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, 1883-1903

“No man is born into the world, whose work is not born with him, there is always work and tools to work withal, for those who will, and blessed are the horny hands of toil! The busy world shoves angrily aside the man who stands with arms akimbo set until occasion tells him what to do, and he who waits to have his task marked out shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.”

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

**I**N June, 1883, Dr. Johnson resigned the pastorate of the Fourth Church, which he held, in common with a Lectureship on Homiletics in the Seminary of the Northwest, in order to give himself wholly to the work in the Chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology, to which he had been called. The pastorate and the professorship together involved too much labor, and it was necessary for him to give up the one or the other, and he felt peculiarly drawn to the work of helping to make ministers, for which he had a peculiar and remarkable fitness. The church accepted his resignation with the deepest regret. In their resolution, among many things, the committee said: “He brings to his office an intellect clear, incisive, and

comprehensive, a self-poised resolute character, and a life of devout spiritual consecration. He has taken advanced rank among the great leaders of the Presbyterian Church and of the Church of Christ universal, in all fields of Christian effort. He has proved to be the most successful advocate of higher education and a faithful and dauntless monitor of the public conscience. We gratefully recognize the energy, efficiency, tenderness, and faithfulness of his pastoral work," etc.

As Dr. E. C. Ray, now the editor of the *Pacific Presbyterian*, Santa Barbara, Calif., was a most familiar or beloved friend of Dr. Johnson's, and for many years the Secretary of the College Board, which Dr. Johnson originated, I have asked him to write an article on that board and Dr. Johnson's relation to it, and he has most kindly furnished the accompanying delightful paper. Had he been unable to do so, I would have applied to Dr. D. S. Gregory, the long-time and honored editor of the *Homiletic Review*, who was a most helpful member of that College board and who "did the fine and convincing work with facts and figures that Dr. Johnson used with effect at the Assembly of 1883":

"Most of us see only what folks around us see, what we are all habituated to see. Here and there a man is tall enough to see over his contemporaries' heads. We call him a statesman,

one fitted to lead the State. Thirty years ago there was but one man in the Presbyterian Church, so far as I know, aside from some presidents of Western colleges, who was tall enough to see that our denomination's weakest point, and a fatal one, was its neglect of college work. Everybody else stoutly boasted that we were 'a college-building and a college-endowing Church,' or asserted that denominational colleges were no longer needed. Other great denominations saw that such colleges were essential, and built and endowed them to from three to five times the colleges and endowment of them we had supplied to ourselves. Dr. Johnson saw the facts which others were blind to and saw the truth about the matter which others did not suspect. He, with a strong corps of lieutenants aiding, planned and secured the organization of the Presbyterian Board of Aid for Colleges and Academies, now the College Board of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. Within five years after the Board got to work our colleges and academies had increased fivefold.

"The organization of the Board came about in an interesting way—the opportunity looked about until it found the man for the hour. The General Assembly of 1877 appointed a special committee on enlarging the functions of the Board of Education, the end in view being some plan to increase the movement of our sons into the ministry, one of the periodical alarming

slumps in the supply of candidates being then upon us. The committee reported progress to the Assemblies of 1878, 1879, 1880, and 1881, in its final report recommending indefinite action. That report was then given to a new special committee, Dr. John Hall, Chairman. That committee reported progress the next year, 1882, and Dr. Hall asked to have the chairmanship given to some one who could devote more time to the matter. Looking about for some gentleman of leisure, the Assembly chose one who had on hand only the pastorate of a great city church, a chair in a theological seminary, personal fathering of its students, and perhaps a dozen other matters of first importance, and selected Dr. Johnson to add to the committee as its Chairman.

“Then he worked. Two special committees had been running five years to get a good start to jump, but had been unable to find the starting line or the direction for the jump. Dr. Johnson’s committee did not run far, only a year, before it jumped. It recommended the organization of the College Board, submitting a constitution for it, outlining its policies. The Church had been consolidating boards. The East was pretty solidly against a new board. Many powerful ministerial and lay delegates came up to the General Assembly resolved to prevent the formation of a College Board. The report of his committee was in Dr. Johnson’s baggage,

completed, when he left Chicago for the Assembly at Saratoga; and all the way on the train he was preparing his sermon, as retiring Moderator, on the same subject. First that sermon, then the report of the committee, fell upon the commissioners with such irresistible weight of argument statistical, historical, and oratorical that opposition was smashed down to a single solitary negative vote. The Board of Aid was organized.

"It got to work. Dr. Johnson was chosen President and so continued until he declined reelection two decades later. He sat at the head of the Board table; but from that table he never took a bit of pie so big as a postage stamp, being there to give himself, not to get. Probably no president of one of our Church boards ever gave attention more comprehensive and more minute to all the Board's affairs. No patience was too great to be yielded to its lesser matters, no time too long, no concentration of mind too taxing to be given for its larger projects. He never dictated to the Board. He never domineered. But he dominated, and that solely by his seership, his statesmanship, his devotion, his knowledge, his insight, oversight, foresight, his creative, organizing, administrative abilities freely at the Board's service. He planned, he corresponded, he travelled, he preached and talked, he interviewed, he solicited for the Board. He exhibited in all that service, in a most interesting

manner, the union of certain pairs of balancing opposite qualities which are seen thus operating together in one person only in big statesmen and generals; as, daring and discretion, intensity and indefatigableness, tenacity and tact, perseverance and elasticity, readiness and sedulity, nerve and prudence, conscious power and consideration of others. He showed the rare statesman's quality of inability to acknowledge defeat when smaller men would give up, or to remember any failure an hour after it occurred; instead of lamenting and despairing, he shut up that experience in his subconsciousness and turned all his conscious powers into a new channel to lead to victory.

"As Secretary of the Board for about twenty years from 1891, I knew something of Dr. Johnson as President of the Board. The greatest greatness of my honored and beloved chief was not his statesmanship or generalship; it was his heart. As I watched the movements of that great heart toward our struggling institutions, teachers, and students; toward theological students while under his tuition and ever afterward; toward everybody and everything, but most of all toward myself, I realized what is meant by a great, true, tender, human, Christ-like heart. There were frequent happenings, and exhibitions of his heart there-anent, that filled me with wonder, with awe in my sense of his greatness. Of all the great men I have known,

he stands among the two or three in whom I never saw anything petty or mean; and I knew him intimately for more than thirty years. I recall such instances, in our relations official or friendly, of bearing and forbearing, of never-failing kindness and courtesy, of criticism, counsel, commendation of ready sympathy and making allowance, and, above all particulars, of such an atmosphere, such a spirit pervading his relations with me, that it all stands in my mind as the ideal of friendship—the real thing, friendship so high, so unselfish, so faithful, so trusting, so inspiring, steadyng, vitalizing, compelling, that I can compare it to nothing else in my world but the friendship of two women, my mother and my wife.

“E. C. RAY.”

The following letter was written by my beloved friend, to greet Mrs. Robinson and myself while on an eight months' absence in Europe, during which I had the great joy of visiting Egypt and the Holy Land, while Mrs. Robinson remained in Italy:

“Southampton, L. I., July 6, 1887.

“Here by the sea at last I find leisure for a word to you, Old Great Heart. You are not so full of the glories of your royal journeyings that you won't welcome tidings from an Old 'Ordinary.' Perhaps you don't know that we, too, have been sightseeing (we two) and that the rush

across the continent and back and straightway thereupon to Kansas City and back, with preparation for three College Commencements, have kept me from sending you earlier greetings and congratulations. I went to San Francisco in the interest of the International Y.M.C.A. to address the Triennial Convention there. They gave me two hundred dollars for the trip, so I took Katie along and the wish of years was gratified. We went by Denver and Rio Grande and returned by Northern Pacific, and every step of the way was a delight. Yosemite met utmost expectation, and that is saying a marvellous thing, for expectation was at a great height. That valley is one of the half-dozen things in this world that have not disappointed me. And, while the first sight was impressive beyond expression, the scene grew on day by day, and I longed to spend weeks there. The isolation of the great peaks in the Rocky and Cascade Ranges gave them a grandeur and uplift surpassing any single peak of the Alps. Though Hood and Shasta and St. Helen are not by any means as high as Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, it was a great journey and has whetted appetite for the greater one, *viz.*, Alaska, which from Dr. Roberts' description must be one of the wonders of the world.

“How you filled and thrilled me with your account of ‘The Land,’ and how you touched me by telling of your frequent thought of us, as you passed from holy place to holy place, and

felt the stir of the associations and the presence of the King. 'Herrick would enjoy all that' indeed and he prays God to put this precious wine of delight into his cup before he goes hence, and he thanks God that, seeing the sickness must come, it was made the occasion of putting to Charlie Rob's lips this exquisite draught. Drink it, Dear Boy, with a great appreciation and a great gratitude and with it may come thrills of new vitality and an assurance of a new lease of vigorous and joyous life. Now I judge you and Clara are together again and bathing in the splendor of Switzerland. May your souls grow larger and your vision of God clearer, and your song of gratitude more rich and tender amidst the inspiring presence.

"HERRICK."

Then came his greeting on our return from the long tour.

"Chicago, Ill., Dec. 21, 1887.

"Welcome back to the pastorate. You belong there. I pray that the resumption of the old toil may be the open door to the richest work of your life. I like what you say of the Scranton field. It seems full of promise. Blessings on you, dear old heart. Palestine is uncertain, i.e., our trip to it. I am booked for the Presbyterian Council meeting in London, in June next. We are dreaming a little of a tour among the far Oriental nations. George Knox has just been

here with stirring appeals for Japan. Dr. Hopper preceded him in behalf of China. A visit among the missionaries would be a great treat. Actually, to look upon Japan's marvellous revolution would be a rare privilege. Mighty changes, the mightiest our world ever saw, are soon to take place in the vast empires of the Orient, I do most confidently believe. The boys that go now and take their places there will be *in the swim*. Six or eight of the choicest go from our Senior Class—Charlie, it's just *magnificent* to have the touch of these young men who are to be the heroes for God of the next twenty-five or fifty years. Let the pessimists croak. My face is toward the radiant morning. My old ram's horn is going to be jubilant and hopeful. What a splendid breath of inspiration the Supreme Court gave us Prohibitionists the other day [later in life Dr. Johnson returned to the Republican Party and cast his last vote for Taft]. How noble and Christian were Cleveland's words to the Evangelical Alliance delegation, week before last. You can hardly imagine how still the air is since we hanged the Anarchists. The gladdest of holidays to you and yours from us both. As ever,

“ HERRICK.”

In addressing a friend who was particularly happy in his pastorate he wrote: “ I do greatly rejoice in what you write of your field and work. Why should not the mellow golden days of life

be the richest, where a man has gotten as you have into the inner sanctuaries of his people's hearts?

"I cancelled many of my preaching engagements in justice to Katie and the Seminary. Reaction came after Commencement, but it came the wrong way. The path back and up was so trying, and the progress so slow, that I deemed it only just to all interests to honor some of my engagements in the breach. I preached a half a dozen times during the summer, where only one Sabbath service was called for, and by making a business of loafing I am back in the harness in fair shape. It fell to my lot to open the Seminary with an address and you would agree with and heartily endorse most of its contention. It was on 'Preaching and the Preacher.' The quartette I named for the latter being grace, grit, gumption, go. As ever,

"HERRICK."

To a friend, he wrote, October 27, 1895:

"Where are you? In the highway of the King of course, at the Master's business, winning souls. *How* are you? Well, I trust, full of fire and fervor, hopeful and trustful, 'putting a cheerful courage on,' as you begin the New Year's work. I am ordered out to grass, no more work for a year is the physician's imperative prescription. The old brain has been driven so

relentlessly, it is entering protest. I never knew until lately that I had a spine. So many physicians agreed as to the diagnosis and their verdict so accorded with my own conviction, that I have deliberately dropped all work, and as soon as matters can be adjusted here we start for the 'Alma Health and Rest' at Alma, Mich., where we shall probably spend two months and then go somewhere south (possibly California, possibly Honolulu) for equable temperature, outdoor lives, and sun baths. I seemed to be improving until I reached Liverpool. Then I had unmistakable notice that all was not right in my nervous system. Anæmia was the immediate symptom. The remote and underlying trouble, impaired nerve tissue. I must go to work building up this nerve tissue.

"The doctors are *sure* that I can be on my feet in twelve months, with absolute rest meanwhile. They are sure of nothing if I keep at three months, except irretrievable disaster. I obey, I go into retirement, I turn my back on what is dearer to me than life, my life work, in the hope that temporary abandonment will give me a new lease both of life and work. I am so fond of a racket that I know that this is going to be a bitter medicine to take. But Katie and I are already trying to get some sweetness out of the bitterness and we are talking over the possible blessings 'this cloud is big with' and picturing to ourselves the delights we may come across in,

'studying to be quiet'; and blessed surprises the dear Lord may have for us, along this wilderness way. You and your wife must hold us in your hearts and wrap us about with your believing prayers. Your breezy, precious letter reached us in London just before we started for home. May God enrich you more bountifully than ever for the work of rescue and structure and make this year the best of all in your honored ministry. As of old,

"HERRICK."

Through the years of '90 to '95, Dr. Johnson was intensely alive to many questions. He was preparing the way for the great success of the revision which came in 1901. He wrote many articles tingling with intense life, on that subject. Then he threw himself into the midst of the fight for the Sunday closing of the World's Fair, in Chicago. He advocated it with a burning zeal which was characteristic of him, and the failure of the movement was to him a bitter disappointment. He wrote many articles on the World's Parliament of Religion, and cleared the air of many of the assumptions of its advocates, so that it came to be considered for what it was worth, stripped of the Orientalisms and false lights of the East.

Dr. Joseph W. Cochran, secretary of the Board of Education, in an address at the Memorial Meeting held at Philadelphia, recalls in a most

inspiring way Dr. Johnson's presence and address at the Chicago Auditorium in advocacy of the closing of the great Fair at Chicago on Sunday. "Oh how that lion nature, fearless of soul, as the flash of his eagle eye betokened, would rise to the height of emotional fervor and with that clarion voice shake congregations out of their spiritual torpor. I never saw such a telling exposition of the Spirit-filled personality as I did when Dr. Johnson stood in the Auditorium at Chicago speaking on the Sunday closing of the World's Fair in '93. One intense sentence of absolutely irrefutable logic fused in that mighty heart and hurled into the heart of that great congregation sent the people to their feet instantly and the applause that rang out was deafening." He carried on his continued fight for temperance, working hand in glove with the Prohibitionists, the W.C.T.U., and all the other temperance organizations.

The intense life he lived made it necessary for him to take a long rest in California in winter of '95 and '96. He wrote at this time as follows:

"April 30, 1896, San Diego, Cal.

"Yours of April 21, directed to the care of Prof. Stevenson, was at once forwarded to San Diego and, when it got here, was at once eagerly devoured, and, like everything else from your dear, old, faithful heart, was good to take.

"Yes, God has been exceeding good to us and

has not let us see much of the dark side of ministerial life. Eternity won't be too long to tell Him our gratitude. Yet I am not sure but some of the loaded, bowed-down ones will have a deeper gratitude to tell to the dear Lord. For in the darker rooms through which they have been led there may have been vouchsafed visions to them which we have not been permitted to enjoy along the sunny slopes.

"We have come to a wonderful climate, indeed, here in Southern California. Chas. Dudley Warner calls this region 'Our Italy,' and while in finished cultivation and historic association the term is inappropriate, yet in superb climatic conditions it is more than justified. Egypt's March last year was not near so choice, so balmy, so flooded with sunshine and so rich with floral beauty, as the March of this Southern Pacific Coast. Even Italy's, wonderful old Italy's, glory pales in comparison. Come down here some day, when you and your wife are weary, and take these sun baths and sing a new song of the goodness of the Lord. We were up at Los Angeles last week attending La Fiesta and it was surpassingly beautiful. The floral parade was simply magnificent. We took a hurried run to Redlands to the now quite celebrated Smiley Bros.' Paradise, but the Mohonk home rivals and out-vies it. By the by, why have you never climbed the Mohonk heights? My impression is you have never been there. See it late in June, and

you will own it is the most picturesque spot your eye ever rested on in Uncle Sam's domain.

"We hardly know how long we shall stay in San Diego. The climate is ideal, and everybody assures us the summers here are as fine as the winters and springs. Strictly, there are no such things here as summers, and winters, and springs. The sun, and the flowers, and the delicious balm take full possession the year round and like Death 'have all seasons for their own.' But the probabilities now are that we shall turn our faces Chicago-ward the middle or the last of June, attend to a few household matters, and then . . . ? Possibly Mohunk, possibly Westminster Park, possibly southern Michigan. We hope to resume 'business at the old stand' in September. If God grant us this we shall be very grateful, and if He deny us this we shall try to say with a submissive and chastened cheerfulness, Even so, Father.

"As ever—forever,

"HERRICK."

The great question of the Revision of the Standards was inevitable. The coming together of the New School and the Old, in the quickening time of that reunion, rendered the Revision the natural outcome. The division was as sharply defined as had been the Separation of the Two Schools, though it did not follow the lines of the two former bodies.

Men who were opposed to the question were not necessarily historically Old School men. There were surprising outcomes. Dr. Johnson's attitude toward it might have caused those to wonder who knew him only in early days, when he was so strong a Calvinist. But those who had followed his career and noted his open mind, his responsiveness to progress, understood it. Dr. Howard Crosby's note to him, at his election as Moderator, had in it an intimation of such a development. "You are conservative and in the front rank of progress."

The thought of freeing the Standards from the archaic forms of speech, which made them misunderstood, and of giving a bold free ringing statement of the definite Love of God, in the Salvation of men, moved him mightily. He went into the movement with great intensity and enthusiasm. Here is a letter written in that time, in which he refers to the whole question:

" March 10, 1901.

" Your letter of Feb. 21 was a cordial one. It went down into my heart's depths. God bless you. The company that sees threescore and ten years this side of Heaven are never numerous. Nearly all the old intimates of the early days are in Heaven. We shall be going soon, and we have no new terms to make with the blessed Lord. We took Him at His word, and *settled* things once for all, and I rather think we need

not trouble ourselves now about the final issue, 'I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all,' but I can look up into the Lord's face and say, 'Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee.'

" Yet the blessed Master has permitted me to wag my pen again and I do want it to do service to the Truth. We had a fine evening in New York (at the Presbyterian Reunion banquet). All the social, æsthetic, and material appointments were perfect and a beautiful spirit of love and manly Christian courtesy pervaded the discussion; you doubtless have already seen the addresses in the *Evangelist*. They are to be put in pamphlet form and widely circulated, as is being done by the *Evangelist* Publishing Co. I take it as evidence that the *Evangelist* at least is quite well satisfied with the way things went.

" I saw our good Brother —— that evening and tried as an old friend to get from him one good reason why he opposed all changes in our confession, but I failed in his case as I have failed in every case. Charlie, my recent studies of the confession make it absolutely impossible for me ever again to regard our present confession as a satisfactory statement of our faith. We cannot any longer look intelligent men in the face and go on declaring that the confession states Presbyterian belief. Its omissions are worse than its commissions! Do see to it that your Presbytery is represented in the next Assembly and *be there yourself*.

“Katie has not been at all well this winter, although she has had no severe illness of any kind. We are jogging on together, thanking God for the daily fellowship and thinking it very sweet and beautiful to grow old looking off into the west ‘where all the Heaven-bound sunsets go.’ Do you go to the Assembly this year? I do hope you are a commissioner. Grave questions are to be settled. We need balance and poise. Did you see Chicago’s overture to the Assembly on the question of credal changes? I flung it on the Presbytery without consultation, but it went through with only one dissenting vote. Something must be done. But nothing should be done in a spasm.”

The General Assembly of 1901 was a notable one. The Debates on the Revision of our standards and a new statement of doctrine brought out the strongest men on both sides and their discussion was very able and brilliant. The *Christian Work* says: “One of the strongest men of the Presbyterian Church to-day is Prof. Herrick Johnson of the McCormick Theological Seminary, whose orthodoxy none may question, and whose devotion to the Presbyterian System of doctrine none can impugn. In a recent communication to the *Interior*, Dr. Johnson, conservative as he is, expresses himself with characteristic directness upon the Presbyterian situation. He affirms that it must be seen that our Church is

formally and constitutionally put on the road to an actual change in her doctrinal standards, the next battle, if there is to be a battle, he says will be in the next Assembly, when this Committee now appointed and instructed shall make report of its work. Dr. Johnson thinks that the action taken was wise and eminently commendable. He adds: 'It is that to which I have given the advocacy of pen and voice for the last year, and for which I do most devoutly thank God. It puts us on the road to constitutional change by constitutional methods. It settles for the time being at least some very agitating and vexing questions. It promises to take some stumbling-blocks out of our existing creed. It promises to furnish us a brief, clear statement of doctrine that will make further misconstruction less possible. It secures a most happy and surprising unanimity of action. And if it issues in success, I most confidently and joyfully believe it will set our Church forward with high hope and joyful agreement to a great work of evangelization and conquest for the good of man and the glory of God.'

Here is a much prized letter I received about this time:

"McCormick Theological Seminary,  
"April 28, 1912.

"I went through the work of the last Assembly 'with fear and trembling,' sensible that the

strain was great. I face the coming Assembly, therefore, with some doubt whether it is wise for me to take up the burden it of course will impose. But Presbytery insisted that the interests involved made it desirable for me to go again, and I have consented. Our Revision Committee had a delightful meeting at Pittsburgh, and the unanimity reached was remarkable in the circumstances. The report *ought* to carry, but to keep the extremists from kicking the traces, to win men who want *nothing* in the way of change and at the same time to win men who want *everything* in the way of change is a kind of gee-haw process compared with which driving a couple of cantankerous and independent mules would be child's play. Here is a good brother who is reported as saying he would rather wait ten years and then get an absolutely new creed than get now what our report offers. I am sure that even the explanatory modifications as suggested would be great gain, and if we can only get the brief summary of our faith something like the Articles of Faith of the Presbyterian Church of England, the gain would be *immense*.

"Well, the fight will be on soon in the Assembly. I marvel at the men who can resist an honest movement to put the love of God for a lost world in our published creed. It is a strange, sad, and almost wicked anomaly; I pray God it may end soon. By the grace of God, it *shall* end some day. Your loving and loyal invitation

to Katie and me to come to your home on our way to the Assembly for a week's visit touches our hearts and we thank you both for the warmth and the urgency of it. But, alas! that week I am counting on as the *only* time I can get in which to make any possible preparation for the battle that will be on at the Assembly, not only the revision battle, but two or three others that are looming up.

"Last week's Committee meeting at Pittsburgh was a severe strain. This is Commencement week. We cannot possibly leave here before the Tuesday preceding the opening day of the Assembly. So, dearly beloved friends, accept from us both assurance of our heartiest appreciation. It would be a joy to be with you and to go round about counting the signs of your rescue and structure work. Don't you expect to get to the Fair at Buffalo? We are booked for a few days there about the last of June at the Alcazar Hotel, near the Exposition grounds. Do join us and renew the sightseeing experiences we had when you were visiting us here in Chicago, when the White City was reared and the World was on exhibition by our Lake Front.

"In the old bonds,

"HERRICK."

The Chicago *Interior*, in August, 1901, contains the following statement: "The inventive reports of the secular press have been so busy giving out

misinformation in regard to the work of our Committee upon Revision, that it seems best to give the facts in the case: Dr. Herrick Johnson is the Chairman of the Committee entrusted with preparing a new statement of doctrine; Dr. Dickey is chairman of the Committee entrusted with the revision of certain specified sections of the Confession, either by changes of text or declaratory statement, and Dr. Niccols is chairman of the Committee to prepare a new chapter on the Love of God, Missions, and the Holy Spirit. Our readers will agree with us that happier selections could not have been made."

When the General Assembly met in the Fifth Avenue Church, New York, May, 1902, Dr. van Dyke was elected Moderator, and the report of the Committee on Revision was the burning question.

It is no province of this book to give an account of the whole debate. What Dr. Johnson thought of it, and how he regarded it is what we are after. He says that the Brief Doctrinal statement is "far and away the most significant and signal action ever taken by American Presbyterianism. It is the realization of the hope of years. It is the product of more light from God's Word. As more light in nature changes the appearance of a landscape, throws some things in shadow, brings out other things more fully to view and yet does not take away a single essential of the landscapes,

so that restatement gives to the great truths of God which it has always been our joy to hold, an order and proportion and perspective and emphasis born of the better knowledge we have to-day of the Divine word. Eternal truths have not changed, but their relations and proportions have changed.

“This Brief Statement is an immortal. Men may try to hedge it about, they may put their limiting, clamping irons upon it, they may bind it with bands of steel and bend it back into an iron coffin as if it were a dead thing. But this Brief Statement of doctrine is an immortal. If it is ever buried, it will be buried alive. And by the life of God, and of the truth that is in it, it will come forth from the tomb the conqueror of death and remain, we may well believe, for centuries, the balanced and tender exponent of that system of doctrine which the Presbyterian Church has ever deemed it her privilege and her joy to cherish and defend. It will be preached in thousands of pulpits from the first article to the last. It will be committed to memory. It will become as a familiar household word in Christian homes. Whether formally placed in our doctrinal “Hall of Fame” alongside our Confession, catechism, and Apostles’ Creed or scattered broadcast as the leaves of the morning, it is instinct with life and love, and power and victory. It has come to stay.”

To a friend he writes:

June 16, 1901: "Yes, to my mind, matters shape themselves somewhat as follows. A new creed embracing the essential features of the old Confession, expressed in modern way in Scriptural proportions and form and spirit, as an authoritative and official interpretation of what we as Presbyterians have believed and do now believe, and so prepared as to give no justification whatever for the judgments passed upon us, and the charges made against us. Then our doctrinal standards will consist of the old Confession as it is now. The larger and shorter catechism. The Apostles' Creed, and this new statement of our faith, is interpretive of the others. *To this latter alone shall subscription henceforth be required* inasmuch as it is to contain all that is vital to the evangelical, the Protestant, and the Reformed or Calvinistic system of doctrine now in our common standards. But I hope by God's sweet grace to hold my mind open to suggestions from any quarter. That we are on the road to some change, I feel quite sure. Assembly has taxed me greatly and put me under nervous strain. Committee work was unusually exacting, but things went our way, and that of course made the burden lighter. On Revision, the paper I submitted to our Presbytery, and which passed, came at last to be the Commissioners' action of the Committee on Bills and Overtures, and so finally the action of the

Assembly. So we are again face to face with the question of credal changes.

"We are now to hear the voice of the Church through the Presbyteries. But I do not believe any change is possible at the sacrifice of fundamentals. And therefore I have no sympathy with those who stand trembling for the Ark of God because of a possible change of hue in the color of the curtains!"

Reference has been made to Dr. Johnson's remarkably clear and resonant voice in the General Assembly or wherever he speaks. A reporter once remarked that the man who calls out "louder," "louder," always looked sad when Dr. Johnson got up. His occupation was gone!

All through this time of intense thought and discussions of the great subject of Revision, Dr. Johnson's regular work in the theological seminary was going on, he lecturing to the various classes, and always in the white heat of intense conviction and superb power. He met every student personally, for helpful, inspiring, suggestive criticism, over his lecture room talks or his sermon preached before the class. In this work he never spared himself; he was faithful to each man—so sharp and critical that it would have completely upset the student had it not been accompanied with a personal magnetism and kindly spirit and loving heart. He had a way of assuring the poor fellow whom he had shot

through and through with criticism, and whose little sermon he had riddled, that all this was the best thing in the world for him; that in no way could he be made a first-class preacher, except by being knocked down, and having the pieces picked up, and put together again in a shapelier, finer, stronger fashion than before.

The Rev. John T. Faris of the Board of Publication, in a letter to the Memorial Meeting in Philadelphia, gave a humorous account of Dr. Johnson's criticism of a paper he had handed in. "A few days after my paper (a written test in his department) was put into his hands he called me to his desk after class and said sadly, 'Faris, that paper was not worthy of you. It was not worthy of your grandfather.' There wasn't any answer to such an appeal as that but to set to work a little harder."

One man who was formerly a student of Dr. Johnson's, now a very able and brilliant and successful professor in a theological seminary, writes to me about his influence upon him as a teacher. "It is difficult for me to realize that his work on earth is done. He had in him a strength that seemed untouchable by years. How much I owe to him! His strong personality and vigorous thought and telling way of putting truth had a wide influence. America has never had a better teachers of homiletics. Men strong like himself sometimes objected to what they felt was a dogmatic tone in him. But the majority of men

in the seminary needed his positive message and above all the inspiration which he gave them to speak with force and directness."

And not only was all this personal and professional work going on all through the years of the intense excitement of the Revision debates, and the numberless articles written in its defence. But he also showed a most remarkable and fecund treatment of various other subjects—Temperance, Prohibition, Dr. Briggs's supposed heretical books, and also Dr. Giffert's. It must have been a source of considerable surprise to those who regarded Dr. Johnson as severely Calvinistic to note the breadth and fraternal spirit with which he treated both these much criticised men. While recognizing their divergence, in some respects, from the generally received views of Presbyterians, he stoutly maintained that they were orthodox in essentials. He insisted that they were too good, true, and scholarly to be put out of the Presbyterian fold. And that was right in the midst of the intensely bitter fight in our Church over Revision and Heresy. To-day, if Dr. Briggs were still alive, he would be regarded as the mildest kind of divergent from our standards, and Dr. Giffert—well, some of us would like him back.

In 1902 came Dr. Johnson's seventieth birthday, which he allowed to pass quietly by; but when some of his devoted friends in Chicago found it out later, they declared that so marked

an epoch in a great career so signally useful must receive some special recognition. A committee was therefore appointed to arrange a dinner to be given in Dr. Johnson's honor, at the Ministry Club on the evening of December 16th.

*The Interior* said of him, in view of this dinner: "Chicago Presbytery is in no peril of insidious dispute over the identity of its premier member. By virtue of his now advanced and honor commanding years, by virtue of his vast personal influence in the Presbyterian Church, and by virtue of his magnificent wealth of endowment as theological preacher, teacher, and statesman in the Kingdom of God, Dr. Herrick Johnson holds a preëminence, among his fellow presbyters, which they are not only forward to acknowledge in the name of the love they bear him, but which they are proud to assert as one of the particular glories of the ecclesiastical body with which they are jointly identified. There is only one member of this Presbytery who remains oblivious to this distinction, and that is Dr. Johnson himself. He will count himself the equal only of the latest ordained minister in the Presbytery.

"Every felicity that could be desired for such an occasion as this dinner in his honor attended this delightful evening. Arrangements for dinner were absolutely perfect in details. A pleasant and thoughtful provision for the event had been

the collection of letters of congratulation from alumni of McCormick Seminary and the Doctor's personal friends throughout the country. A great number of these were read at the table, and they constituted together a remarkable symposium of sentiments of affection and acknowledgments of influence from many who have known him most intimately in the relations of the class-room and of denominational service. The heartiest and most beautiful of all these tributes was, as common consent agreed, the letter of Mrs. Nettie F. McCormick, who expressed gratitude for the part which Dr. Johnson had borne in widening the efficiency of our beloved Seminary, also for his worth as friend and spiritual counsellor to her late husband, to herself, and to her children."

The after-dinner speeches were chapters in a eulogium of rare insight, tenderness, and love, depicting in succession the elements of nobility in the character of the evening's guest, and the extraordinary usefulness of the work which he has done for the Master and the Church.

The special guests of the evening were heard first. Bishop Cheney of the Reformed Episcopal Church paid a heartfelt tribute to Dr. Johnson, and Dr. Simeon Gilbert, former editor of the *Advance*, voiced the high admiration of the Congregationalists for Dr. Johnson's statesmanlike courage in the Christian world. Tributes from members of the Presbytery then followed from

Drs. Carson, Notman, McClure, the President of McCormick Seminary, and Professor Geo. L. Robinson. Finally Dr. E. C. Ray, Secretary of the Board of College Aid, analyzed with loyal praise the character which Dr. Johnson had shown in his relation to that Board as its President. Dr. McCaughan, as Chairman of the evening, added his informal testimony to the esteem entertained for Dr. Johnson in allied Churches across the seas. Mr. Wright then presented to Dr. Johnson, with very brief but felicitous remarks, a silver loving cup appropriately engraved to commemorate the Presbytery's recognition of his seventy-first year.

Then it was the guest's time to reply. The scene as he rose, and as the company rose to greet him, will be for long years a theme for pleasant memory to those who were gathered in that banquet-room. There was applause to welcome him before he began to speak, but none as he proceeded. The feeling of the moment was too tense for outbreaking demonstration. Dr. Johnson's response was not a speech, he simply talked to his friends—at first in low strained tones, which emotion was almost choking. But his heart-vibrant sentences as he declared his gratitude for the love of his brethren, yet protesting his unworthiness to hear their praises, were far better and more than a speech. They were the unaffected outpouring of a great man's soul, and his words, as he spoke, ascended from the beauti-

ful to the sublime. His hearers bent forward listening—entranced—while he summed up the learning of his manhood years as all encompassed in a dearer love of God's will and God's Word, and in a deeper appreciation of the Lordship of Jesus Christ and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit. With shining face the venerable Doctor declared his exceeding gladness at knowing that ere long he should see his Saviour. And they who loved him so well before, loved him more deeply than ever, as twice he repeated in a voice of intense fervor:

“I am just a poor sinner and nothing at all,  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all!”

I wish space permitted me to quote all the remarkable letters from old friends, and graduates from the Seminary who had had the great privilege and joy of being under his instruction, he received that night. Room must, however, be found for some of them. First of all, I quote the beautiful letter from Mrs. McCormick.

“December 16, 1902.

“To THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES:

“One impulse rules us all to-night, and that is to show the love and loyalty of our hearts to him who has been to the Seminary, these twenty years, a wise counsellor, an able professor, and unfailing friend. Often it is said,—and truly,—there will never come another who can teach the

students how to be pastors, how to lead, and win their flock, as our dear Dr. Johnson has done.

"I remember with gratitude all about his coming, and the delightful relations of friendship that existed between my dear husband and him whom we would fain honor to-night. The memory of the visits, the talks, the cheer he brought to him,—often in hours of physical suffering, dispelling pain, and making him join in wholesome, hearty laughter. Who of us has not felt the magnetism of his honest, ringing voice when bringing out his convictions of truth,—who of us has not been drawn to him by the loving kindness that rules his nature? He has been a blessing to my children. There is a mistake about the figures,—Dr. Johnson is not seventy! Youth still looks from out his eagle eye, and his good right arm still has the strength of ten! Long may he remain to grace the pastoral chair in our dear Seminary!"

"NETTIE F. MCCORMICK."

Dr. Allison of the First Church of Bristol, Pa., wrote: "I am glad I can write you while you are in the fulness and buoyancy of mature life. I thank you to-day for what you have done for my boy. If he shall be useful in the pulpit I shall feel that humanly speaking you have been blest of God as a largely contributive instrument."

The Rev. David R. Breed, D.D., one of Dr.

Johnson's boys in the Third Church, Pittsburgh, and now Professor in the Allegheny Theological Seminary, wrote as follows: "I am anxious to add my hearty congratulations to the many you have received and to add my fervent 'God bless you,' as I have often done, in my private prayers. Whatever you may have won of influence and fame elsewhere, I am sure you have never won more *love* than you did while in Pittsburgh. How devotedly that dear old Third Church was attached to you, and how the whole city admired you. And if those that remain of your old flock could have spoken at your banquet I think your emotion would have been even greater than it was. I am mighty glad they did it for you. It was the thing to do, but I only wish they could have included Mrs. Johnson. Was there ever sweeter, truer woman in any capacity, whether pastoress or parishioner, than she?" Here is one from another of his Pittsburgh "boys"—a cousin of Mrs. Dr. Johnson, and now the eminent Dr. E. A. Reed of Holyoke, Mass.:

"January 26, 1903.

"MY DEAR PASTOR:

"I have received a copy of *The Interior* with an account of the celebration of your seventieth birthday, which I have read with great pleasure, and although it is a little late, I wish to add my congratulations. It must have been a joyous event in your experience, and the remembrance of it will always be blessed and inspiring. I am

glad that the brethren had the good taste to say something while you are with us and still in the thick of the fight, and can easily understand how the wealth of admiration and love expressed touched your heart. I can never think of you as growing old, but as one full of energy, hope, and of achievement, even as I knew you in the old Pittsburgh days. The memory of those days often overpowers me, and I feel grateful for the noble impulses and inspiring thoughts which you gave me. And your example of hopeful and untiring labor has been an informing influence and power in my whole ministerial life. I rejoice in all the good work which our blessed Master has enabled you to do, and trust that you will be spared to the Church for many years to come. It seems a long time since I have looked into your face. With love to Cousin Kate and yourself,

I am as ever yours,

"E. A. REED."

Dr. Covert of Chicago writes: "You hear so perfectly that not a whisper of friendship can escape you—and so plainly that not a single beaming affectionate smile will be lost upon you. You are the best-loved man in the whole Presbyterian Church. You are loved because you did so much for the men and the Church. There is not a bit of glamor about the Herrick Johnson of our affections. It is the genuine old man himself who has us by the heart-strings. I never can pay the

debt of love I owe you as teacher, guide, and friend. It will be a theme for everlasting converse on the sunny slopes of the everlasting hills."

Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler writes: "Well-Beloved Brother, and more, too. It is only this morning, January 13, 1903, that I learned that you have marched out of the sixties with flying colors and have come into the seventies! All hail! I wish I was back there with you, but next Saturday my old-time clock will strike 81! Herrick, my jewel, you have had a grand career, sound in heart, sound in your theology, sound in your staunch Presbyterianism, and blest of God in your untiring labors. I would like to have been at that dinner and poured out my soul in a love tribute."

The late Dr. George W. Knox wrote Dr. Johnson, December 30, 1902, Pelham Manor, N. Y.: "I desire to add my congratulations to the chorus which greets you. In all my course of student life, I think of three or four men at most as influencing me, and really worthy of affection and grateful esteem. You already know that I place you high in this small group. In my Auburn days you were easily first and hold a place apart from all others. Our all too infrequent meetings have been delightful to me. I need say nothing as to your public career. It has not only been distinguished by all the honors the Church can bestow, but far more it has

commanded the high respect of all for its courage, its independence, its absolute veracity, its true nobility, as for its intellectual success. In Union Seminary no man in the Church is so esteemed."

Dr. William P. Merrill, now of the Brick Church, New York, wrote, December 15, 1902: "I hate to miss the gathering of your friends, for I am sure that no one of them can love and honor you more than I do. You call out one's love and loyalty in a rare way. I count it one of the vast gains of my Chicago experience that I have had the privilege of friendship with you.

"You must be very happy over the returns from the Presbyteries on the Revision Overtures. Your work is certainly being crowned with success, and a good many of us feel that we owe the happy outcome very largely to you."

Dr. Samuel I. Nicolls of the Second Church, St. Louis, Mo., wrote, December 15, 1902: "I heard last evening incidentally that you were to have a birthday celebration. I don't want to steal in uninvited, but I do want to stretch out my hand to you in congratulation and in love. I rejoice that you were born into this sore troubled world, and that you have lived so long and so well in it. I suppose if Dr. Patton's *supralapsarian* view is the correct one, that you could not help being what you are, and that I ought to rejoice 'in the decree.' But somehow I like to take a time view of my friends and to

rejoice in them, and to thank God that they have 'fought a good fight, and have kept the faith.' You have come to the appointed limit of life in honor and power. Multitudes bless you for your ministry, and the Church owes you a debt of gratitude for your service. You will live another seventy years in the lives of the young men whom you have taught. Your ministry will be multiplied more than hundred fold. Well, I congratulate you on a green old age, and for the boy that still lives in you. I trust that God will permit you to tarry with us many years, yet I know that you are anxious at times to be away and see our dear Lord's face."

Dr. George B. Stewart, President of Auburn Theological Seminary, wrote, January 3, 1903: "My heart rejoices in the honor done you by your brethren in Chicago. You deserve it all, and more, too. Your life of service to the Church and to your fellowmen has been one of pre-eminent benefit. Hosts of men in the ministry feel that they owe a lasting debt to you. Multitudes of men and women rise up to call you blessed. Many more years of service to you here, and an eternity of it yonder."

I greatly wish that I could quote more of these letters, written, as they were, right out of the hearts of his devoted friends and pupils. They reveal, as nothing else can do, why one was compelled to own in writing about Dr. Johnson that he was the best beloved man he knew. It was

not simply that he was an unusually strong and forceful teacher of homiletics, but he had a heart compelling power. He loved greatly and was loved greatly—none more so.

To a dear friend, who had been obliged on account of his health to withdraw from the active ministry, Dr. Johnson wrote from Lake Mohonk, Mountain House, June 6, 1902:

“ From this marvellous scene, looking out on God’s everlasting hills and through an atmosphere pure as heaven’s own, I send you my heart’s greeting. You are a ‘shut in,’ but you have great company, and I know you and the dear Master are having a good time together. No place can be lonely with Him! Hospital becomes palace, and desert a blooming garden, and pain gets translated into pleasure. O the magic of His touch! I trust it will please Him to make this second enforced retirement a passage-way to renewed vigor and something of the old virile swing. Your letter was a good while reaching me. But I hasten to send a message into your retreat and to assure you of my love and sympathy. Katie joins me in the heartiest remembrance, and we will make mention of you often in our talks with God. Mohonk is still the peerless place, and to-day it seems more beautiful than ever. I wish you and your wife could run up here for a day or two, on your way to your summer resting-place. Now that Revi-

sion is on the sure road to constitutional standing in our beloved Zion and the 'brief statement of the Reformed Faith' is *here to stay*, I am ready to sing with good old Simeon 'Nunc dimittis!' Good-bye, brave, great heart, good-bye.

"Affectionately, HERRICK."

In January, 1903, Dr. Johnson quoted this verse on "Bright Things":

"When you see a sky of blue  
 Think that sky was made for you;  
 When the breeze bends down the trees  
 You just think that that's your breeze;  
 Every blessed drop of dew  
 Falls upon the rose for you."

To which he added this verse of his own:

"When clouds sweep a blackened sky  
 Think God's cloud of mercy nigh;  
 When the breeze roots up the trees  
 You just think that that's your breeze;  
 Every storm and stress and sting  
 Is God's way of bettering."

On April 8, 1903, he wrote to a familiar friend:

". . . Yes, e'en down to old age, I find it hard to get any leisure. It almost seems as if I were never quite so busy in all my life as this past winter. For one thing my assistant (a fine, rare young fellow, by-the-by, with as fine a wife and

cluster of blossoming children as I ever knew) was taken with pneumonia before the holidays, and is still very weak, and will be unable to do any seminary tasks until we open in the fall. I have had his entire work since the middle of last December. Through adjustment made with him at the beginning of the year, I had been counting on large leisure after the holiday recess and partly on this account I had made a number of outside engagements, which I could not very well break without serious disappointment to the parties interested. Caught between these two seas, it looks as if I should be submerged. But thanks to a gracious Providence, a resolute will, and some gumption and more grit, I have pulled through, and it looks now as if Commencement would be passed without anything like a break. The banquet was, of course, an occasion for great gratitude and great joy, and great humility. I never dreamed of what was coming in its fulness.

"The letters from 'the boys' were literally from around the world, and utterly unexpected, and a dear surprise; they came pouring in even weeks after the 'function' was over, and Katie has arranged them in a scrapbook, making a volume of signs and tokens of a dear and deathless regard beyond all price. Through this and all other scenes and experiences and trial and triumphs since the day Katie and I went Maying by Owasco Lake, she has gone with me, my

pride and joy. Next to the gift of His own Son, another ever blessed Spirit, do you think God has ever given either of us anything comparable with the bride He helped us woo and win forty-odd years ago? Well, we are in the sunset land now and it is very beautiful, and for the hope as well as the memory that is in me, I could cry for joy. I love to think of the dearer intimacies of your own kith and kin of two or three generations. Ah! those children! and the children of the children! Ah, me! I wonder if God won't balance things when we get to the city 'whose streets are to be *full* of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof.' Do you remember Charles Lamb's talk about the first baby in heaven? Perhaps Katie and I may have two or three of the elect little tots 'dying in infancy' whose parents were unworthy of heaven—these little ones, these outward breathing types that so soon into stillness passed again. Perhaps God will give us two or three as our very own when we go home, but where are my thoughts running? Do not forget to tell McGiffert and Knox and the Gillets that I think of them with loving interest. What a shame that McGiffert is not in our Presbyterian fold. The old liners are still trying to mop out the Atlantic.

"HERRICK."

In May, 1905, the McCormick family nobly endowed the seminary with one million dollars

in addition to all that they had already given, as a perpetual memorial of the founder of the family, Cyrus H. McCormick, the distinguished inventor and great benefactor. The donation, made through three members of the family, was as follows: Mrs. Nettie Fowler McCormick, \$750,000; Cyrus H. McCormick, her son, \$125,000; Harold F. McCormick, her son, \$125,000; total \$1,000,000.

With this came the gratifying announcement that the Trustees had secured the distinguished and able Dr. James G. K. McClure as its President. "He is peculiarly adapted for the important duties he now assumes, and no man could have been chosen better equipped to put to the best uses the liberal endowment of the McCormick family. A new chair has been added, that of the 'Science and Art of Preaching,' and it will be filled by Dr. Herrick Johnson, who retires from the chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology. He thus secures the letting up of the severe pressure which for so many years his professional duties laid on him." Two years before this his new volume of *Sermons from Love to Praise* was issued, a book greatly prized and expressing the loftiest thought.

Dr. Johnson at first opposed very strongly the Book of Common Worship as prepared by a Committee of Ministers and Elders of the Presbyterian Church, who worked on the volume for three years. For some time he wrote against it;

but as he had come to see at the time of the McKinley Campaign that true patriotism called for his giving up his adherence to the Prohibition party and voting for McKinley and that the position which he had taken on the "Two kinds of wine, in the Bible" was not really scriptural, he with fine candor owned his mistake. So with that open-mindedness which had come to be the beautiful and ennobling characteristic of his old age, he withdrew his opposition to the Book of Common Worship, and stood for it, for the rest of his life.

Dr. Johnson's commemoration address at the McCormick Theological Seminary, 1905, was really the close of his great career of twenty-five years as the greatest teacher of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology of his time: "It was brilliant, tender, and impressive." He took for his theme The Man, the Institution, and the Field. "In the first as he presented the ideal man, in great part he unconsciously portrayed such a one as he himself is recognized to be by all who know him. His second division of his theme seemed prophetic of the Seminary's future under the new conditions now opening. The ideal field under the third head was one that called out the best that was in a student, and aroused him to the fullest development of his powers."

It was following this, that Dr. Johnson's retirement began. This personal letter reveals his own experience in that event.

"June 23, 1905.

"Your good word is like a gentle breeze wafting odors from a flower garden. If you write from your summer home on the Island, I shall expect the smell of the sea shore flung by a stiff breeze from off old ocean. So I would have been a great sinner, would I? Well, I don't want to be any bigger sinner than I am now, and the only satisfaction I can get from the situation is that the bigness makes grace big. Do you know, I am going to join you in a new sense? You say you 'are no longer in the active service.' Me, too! My resignation from all seminary position and work goes to the Executive Committee of the Board to-day. My physician says I must say good-bye to all obligatory work from this time on to the end. Work, he orders, but only when you feel like it. Let all work be optional, and not enforced, appointed, obligatory. Expert opinion corroborates and enforces this with emphasis. So I am done with McCormick homiletics. It has been a blessed twenty-five years of toil. 'The boys' made an evening of it Commencement week, and I was loaded with good things, though they didn't come from around the world, as they did on the occasion of the celebrating of the seventieth anniversary of my birthday. Well, God has been exceedingly good to me, and has strewn life's path with countless and most blessed gifts, among the chief of which and next only to my

Savior, I count my Katie, and Charlie,—Charlie, dear old comrade of college and seminary days and my life lover now these fifty years,—God has indeed blessed us in our wives. He has let us keep them well-nigh half a century."

As Dr. Johnson retired from the active duties of seminary life, Dr. J. G. K. McClure entered upon the new office of the President of the Seminary, a man beloved by all, and singularly fitted, by nature and culture and rich experience, for his position. His coming to the Kingdom for such a time as that was peculiarly gratifying to Dr. Johnson, who loved him as a father might love a son. I quote the appropriate tribute to Dr. Johnson at his retirement. "Although the directors in their justifiable desire to keep him in connection with the seminary provided him with a lecture chair in which he will give occasional instruction, yet his regular work of teaching the classes the principles and art of sermon making is done and hereafter he and Mrs. Johnson will spend their winters in a less rigorous climate than that of Chicago.

" And what teaching it has been that he has given to his classes for these many years. How clean cut and clear in principle and how well illustrated in practice. Few of our able preachers have known so well as Dr. Johnson how to build a sermon that would stand solid on its foundation and rise symmetrical and beautiful

to its fretted roof and gilded spire, how to temper the blade and give it a cutting edge that will cleave through a subject and open its heart. The chief power and value of a great teacher is his contagion; his boys catch his mental processes and enthusiasm, even some of his genius. Dr. Johnson is richly endowed with this power of contagion. He is radiating light and heat all the time, emitting sparks and flashes that kindle the minds of his students. It is a great work that he has done out there in Chicago, and it will abide long after he is gone. But he is not gone yet, and as long as he is here he will be heard from. Long may he remain to instruct and delight us. The tremendous applause with which the 'boys' greeted him at the recent Commencement was only the echo of the esteem in which he is held throughout the church."

Here is his "Message to the Aged," sent by him at the request of the Rev. Nathan D. Hynson, then the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Horsesheads, Pa., to the "Annual Fall Service for the Aged." For its tender beauty it must be preserved in this record. "Dear Fellow Pilgrims: We are going down the evening slope of life. The shadows are a little longer grown than they were a year ago. But that means nearer the heavenly morning and eternal day with God. The most of us made terms with Him a good while ago. He has never broken His word with one of us. We don't mean to break our word

with Him. Clearer grows the face we love most, dearer the fellowship He invites and furnishes, nearer ready the abiding place He is preparing for us. Dearly beloved old saints of God, we are almost home! Jesus, lover of my soul! When the hour for putting off this tabernacle comes, 'let me to Thy bosom fly.'

Just here the action of the Directors of McCormick Theological Seminary in view of Dr. Johnson's resignation may be fitly recorded:

"The Directors of McCormick Theological Seminary are in receipt of the resignation of the Rev. Professor Herrick Johnson, D.D., from the chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology, accompanied by a personal statement of the reasons that lead him to ask a complete severance of all teaching relations with the Seminary. In view of the reasons urged and the insistence of Dr. Johnson upon immediate action, the Board accepts the resignation and releases him from the chair he has honored with such distinction for more than a quarter of a century.

"In accepting the resignation of Dr. Johnson, the Directors desire to recognize the eminent quality and abiding character of the work of Dr. Johnson in his Seminary chair during his long incumbency and also acknowledge the large part his labors and forceful personality have had in the upbuilding of McCormick Theological Seminary.

"His signal ability in his chosen chair, his af-

fectionate relation to his students, together with his preëminence in service in the Church at large, have wrought influentially to endow the Seminary with its present conspicuity and power.

“The Directors express to Dr. Johnson its deep sense of gratitude for his tireless devotion to every interest of the Seminary throughout the years of his connection with it and record their regret in being compelled by his own urgent demands to release him from active service in the Faculty. The Directors desire to assure Dr. Johnson, as he passes to an emeritus relation, of their earnest prayers for his prolonged health, and a long continuance of his honored name in connection with the Seminary.

(Signed)

“W.M. C. COVERT,

“D. W. FISHER,

“C. H. HOLT.”

## VII

### AFTERNOON AND EVENING TIME, 1905-1913

“Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life for which the first was made.  
Our times are in His hand  
Who saith ‘A whole I planned.’  
Youth shows but half: trust God,  
Nor be afraid.”

—BROWNING.

DR. and Mrs. Johnson moved about May, 1905, from their residence on the Campus of McCormick Seminary to the Plaza near the Lake shore, as Mrs. Johnson had become helpless and could no longer have the care of housekeeping. She was taken in the summer to Mount Clemens, with the hope that the waters would be beneficial.

But her husband wrote: “They did nothing for her and she came back as she went out—*carried* from her room to the cars and from the cars to her room. Some wonderful cures are effected by that remedial agency, but it did nothing for the dear patient sufferer. We were at a sanitarium and had every possible care, from the finest body of trained nurses I ever saw, and we are

fortunate on our return in getting back the trained nurses that we left here when we went to Mount Clemens. Our new quarters at the Plaza are a great improvement on the old, and so far as appointments are concerned, as to nurse and rooms and physician, we have everything that could well be desired. Well, beloved friend, this evening slope of life, with all its limitations, is very sweet and beautiful. Life's sunsets may be as full of glory as nature's. I hope to get out a book or two soon, that in some way may be a comfort to the bruised, and a help and stay to God's many workers.

“HERRICK.”

Here is another cherished letter I received at the time:

“The Plaza, Chicago, February 18, 1906.

“It seems a good while since we have had a dose of old-time fellowship. Come now, let us reason together or muse aloud a while or get on to the wireless telegraphy or call up some power from the vasty deep that will put us in touch with each other. Knox (G. W.) wrote me some time ago that he was coming on here to lecture at the University of Chicago, and would try to see me. I at once replied that seeing him would be a dear joy, and he came and called, and we talked of many things and persons (for I have been pleasantly tied to Knox

in many ways and hold him in a very dear regard), and he told me something of you and yours, but he did not let me into the innermost, where I always want to go, when you are up for consideration, and I am longing to know how time and the dear Lord are dealing with you and yours.

"Perhaps you know that Katie has been a prisoner in the bonds of rheumatism for many months and virtually helpless. Away back in April, last, she was caught in the grip of this tenacious, pertinacious, and by no means gracious thing, and has scarcely put her feet to the floor since. But through these long, weary months she has been a brave, patient sufferer, sometimes measurably free from pain and never suffering in that excruciating way which sometimes is the lot of rheumatics, but never free from aching joints, and a soreness that now and then spreads over her entire body. We had a plan for last summer and fall that included Mohunk and the Maine coast and Atlantic City, with an indefinite stay at the latter place; but Katie's condition broke it all up, and contrary to all expectation I came back to Chicago only to find no provision made for my chair, save the distribution of a small portion of the work among the other Professors and the Faculty clamorous for my resumption of the old duties, so I have been doing three or four hours a week through the year. I close this work this week, and then

I shall be free to go where it seems best to go, and promises most for the relief of the dear old Darling, who has been my pride and joy so many years. Do you remember when I took her for 'better, for worse, till death us do part' in Auburn forty-six years ago? What blessed crowning years they have been of love and fellowship! What awaits us of joy or sorrow, of pain or pleasure, of life or death we do not know, and do not need to know. We know, don't we, dear old boy? We know that our Redeemer liveth, and that we shall see Him face to face.

"As ever, with love from us both,  
"HERRICK."

Later on he wrote (November 14, 1906,) as follows: "Just a word from out the silence to tell you that we have spent the entire summer here in our rooms at the Plaza, on the south border of Lincoln Park, and only about three squares from the Lake, that we have been very comfortable, and that Katie is still an invalid and in rheumatic bonds, but with a patience and trust and peace that old Rheumatics can't break and legions of devils can't destroy. They are from the dear Lord and as beautiful to see as they are prophetic of the land that is not so very 'far off,' and whose inhabitants never say, 'I am sick.' We see no special change in her condition, week by week, the lapses and the gains about keeping the balances so that the

average state is about the same, month in and out. I read a good deal to her, she sleeps quite well, and has a fair appetite, but gains no strength, and with respect to many things is virtually helpless. About the only writing she is equal to is a pencilled letter now and then, a brief, and sometimes almost illegible, scrawl to her only living sister, Mrs. Waldo. Once and a while she manages to get a word written to one or two of her old friends and correspondents, but she can hardly hold a pencil, and only uses it at all with some weariness and pain. She has not walked alone for a year, and has not been on her feet for months.

“But we have had lots of blessed fellowship with each other, and trust, with our Lord, in this long ‘shut-in’ period, and it has not been without its blessed compensations. She sends a tender message of love and greeting to you both. It was well that I gave up my work at the Seminary last year, and insisted on absolute resignation. Hill, of Portland, and one of ‘my boys,’ is in my chair, and making his first impressions, and they give promise of fine things in the whole field of applied theology. McClure, our President, takes Pastoral Theology and Church Government, and our Seminary ought to do a great work for God and our beloved Church in the next half-century.

“Of course, if within the possibilities every living man of 1857 will be at Hamilton next

Commencement. Be there, old boy (Deo volente), and let us make it a reunion worth while. Do you know that it is also the seventy-fifth anniversary of the organization of Alpha Delta Phi? What a blaze of glory ought to be lighted on the old hill.

“HERRICK.”

In 1907 he took up the work of revising his remarkable lectures, which hundreds of his students wanted him to publish, preparing them to appear in a book which was most appropriately named “The Ideal Ministry.” At the time of its appearance I reviewed it in the *Christian Work and Evangelist*, the substance of which I here quote:

#### DR. JOHNSON’S “IDEAL MINISTRY”

The ministry at large will regard the opportunity of possessing this book by the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson as a peculiar privilege; for Dr. Johnson’s work has not been done in a corner. An impassioned, able, and eloquent leader in that branch of the great church to which he has devoted his life, his distinguished career is familiar far beyond its bounds. Those who have been under the spell of his powerful and persuasive preaching, both in his pastorates and when he has appeared year after year in the foremost pulpits of the great central cities of our land, and who have known of his extraordinary success as

a teacher of homiletics in two of the leading theological seminaries of the Presbyterian Church will be glad to get at something of the secret of his power, which this book, as far as possible, furnishes. And his many pupils, scattered all over the world, will hail with joy this opportunity to secure permanently his entire system of homiletics.

They can never forget the white heat of fervor kindled in their souls by his inspiring personality as a teacher, and by his mastery of all those sources of intellectual, moral, and spiritual power which brought them to his feet. Not to draw comparisons with other great books by distinguished authors and masters of this subject, we do not hesitate to state that it stands in the very front rank.

Dr. Johnson is no mere theorist, as some professors of homiletics may be, who have had no marked personal experience of success in the ministry. His fifteen years in three great pastorates gave him a rich and varied experience, out of which to begin his homiletic teaching, when Auburn Theological Seminary called him. At once the young men felt the thrill and power of this man, who had come to that chair, not because he had failed as a preacher, but because, with the greatest success in the ministry, he realized what an opportunity was thus afforded him to show the hundreds of students who would come to him how God would use and bless them as thoroughly

equipped and devoted preachers of the Gospel. Men like Stryker, Stewart, Knox, Riggs, Babcock, Merle Smith, Dickinson, and many others have ever cherished as their highest privilege the opportunity afforded them in that Auburn lecture room. His had been a ministry of large in-gatherings. Young men like Breed and Reed in his church at Pittsburgh were brought to the Master under the persuasive power of his ministry, and won to the preaching of the truth, at the time of precious outpourings of the Holy Spirit in that church. And when, on account of the health of his wife, he was forced literally to tear himself away from Pittsburgh, where he was almost idolized by both young and old in his church, he found, in his year of apparent exile to Marquette, on the shores of Lake Superior, a new baptism of power, accompanied with a revival in that little church, where he was supplying the pulpit for that time, which for intensity and spiritual power will never be forgotten. The writer of this article, who has had the privilege of intimate acquaintance with Dr. Johnson from college days, still cherishes the letters written under the glow and joy of that great blessing. In the enthusiasm of his young life he would go off to the solitary shore of that great lake to prepare for those services night after night, singing as he went that hymn born of the great revival of 1857, and which fairly swept through the church to a permanent place in her great

hymnology, "He Leadeth Me, Oh Blessed Thought."

It was from that notable revival that Albert Barnes called him to Philadelphia to a ministry similarly blest of God. So that, when he stepped from the throne of that great pulpit to the Chair of Homiletics at Auburn, which he turned also into a throne, he gave to his teaching the charm, grip, and spirit of a consecrated successful ministry.

It was not strange that Chicago, the metropolis of the Central West, wanted him, and would not listen to a refusal; and the result of his work there for the twenty-five years of his service to the Lord in McCormick Theological Seminary showed the wisdom of the West in placing him there in the chair, where, for a quarter of a century, he wielded such extraordinary power, as is explained in part by this remarkable volume, *A Comprehensive Handbook on Homiletics*. Under God it may be truthfully claimed that he has changed, and lifted up to a very much higher standard the character of the preaching throughout the Northwest. Many young men, like Stevenson of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, responded to the full to the inspiring quality and character of his teaching, and hail him as their master in the great art of preaching the Gospel. And this book gives, as nearly as possible, his secret. It is not only a thesaurus of knowledge about homiletics, but it reveals the

great heart of the man himself. Some who have known Dr. Johnson only as they have crossed swords with him in memorable debates in church courts have perhaps felt that, with his power as a logical debater, he had more brain than heart. But those who sat under his ministry, and at his feet in the lecture room know how his strong and brilliant intellect is illumined, and heated hot with the glowing, inexhaustible fires of his heart. Those who know him best, who know how he has loved and loves, call him "Great Heart," and this book shows it. It gives a keen intellectual analysis of all the sources of power in the ministry, it masters that department of it, and it is pervaded with a glow of love for God and man, of devotion to Jesus the Christ, and of a passionate longing to save men, which is a very sacred revelation of the inward life of the author. In his last lecture, "The Sermon—Why Not a Soul Winner," he says: "What if each preacher of the Word should call the roll of his sermons, say five years back; the text, topic, and the dominant purpose of each. How many of them would bear this characterization: 'Filled with a mighty persuasiveness; a sermon that was after a soul?'" In another lecture on "The Sermon's Ideal Topics," he says: "The preacher's aim is salvation in the highest sense: reconstruction of manhood. The preacher is to reach and find his man, and then build him up in Christ Jesus. This is his 'con-

stant absorbing,' inspiring purpose, and it has only one possible way of accomplishment by the truth of God as accompanied by the Spirit of God. The Holy Spirit convicts and sanctifies men only by the truth—and by the truth not as it is in Socrates, or Plato, or the stars, or the philosophies—but as it is in Jesus—the Christ."

In the lecture on "The Sermon's Ideal Constants" he quotes Ruskin's famous sentence about the preacher's opportunity, "Thirty minutes to raise the dead in!" and then adds these words: "Once understand this, and a man's whole soul will go out into his sermon every week, and into the effort to make it all it ought to be as a word of eternal life and death." The author's loving loyalty to the Great Head of the Church, and his consuming love for the souls of men flame through this book in a way to startle men who are in the ministry for half-hearted service, viz.: "Next to a knowledge of God's Word what can help a preacher so much as a knowledge of the human nature that is before him thinking, feeling, wondering, hungering, yearning, doubting, hating? 'Know thyself.' But know others also. Psychology is important here. But *mix with men*. Be observant. Get at their dispositions. Discover their prejudices and needs. Learn what they are thinking about. Do not leave humanity outside of the study, or at the foot of the pulpit steps. Let its wants set back into the sermon, and determine the ser-

mon's bent. Touch with the touch of personal presence and companionship its great throbbing heart." Here is something in the same lecture on the use of the classified text-book which cannot be passed by: "Jot down in it . . . all texts that seem laden with new riches as they go flying by. If the text-book is not within reach use a piece of paper, an old envelope—anything to make it sure that the thought and its treatment will not be lost. These texts that are brought down as it were 'on the wing,' that flash unbidden to the view, and grow luminous on the instant are almost like inspirations, and sermonizing on them will be like the sweep of the eagle cleaving the air with his strong pinions."

To Dr. Johnson there are just two comprehensive principles which make up the entire substance of the Gospel commission. To rescue men from spiritual death, and to build them up in spiritual life. He claims that as a result from working faithfully along the lines of these two principles all that is involved in the redemption of human society in its widest sense, is included. "Social connections will be revolutionized, government will be made pure and peaceable, righteousness will increasingly prevail, ethical values will have wider and wider recognition, clean homes and clean streets and clean politics will come to be the universal order, and the kingdom of heaven on earth will at last witness in its

completeness to 'the manifold (variegated) wisdom of God.' " We commend this extract to such as hold that orthodox doctrine and preaching are unproductive of or do not minister to the vast interests of civil and social life; and to such especially as regard settlement work without definite Christian teaching as best calculated to redeem and enrich the great seething, suffering centres of Christless communities. As if men trained by a teaching that denies to them a knowledge of and personal love for, and faith in the glorious Son of God, could ever come to their best, or human society be brought to its divine ideal. There is a subtle temptation lurking on every page of this most inspiring volume to quote what one would want never to forget, which has to be resisted, or this article will go far beyond its proper bounds.

The book, as to its printing and binding, is exceedingly well done. The clear, clean printing makes its reading delightful. We must particularly commend the author's sane and readable punctuation, acquired undoubtedly from the Mandevillian system, which he studied at Hamilton College. And it is something to consider carefully in these days of the submergence of the comma, the absurd misuse of the semicolon, the disappearance of the colon, and the wide dominion of the "dash." The striking picture of Dr. Johnson on the cover of the book will please every one, and cause the cover to

be cherished with more care than such slipping and cumbrous essentials usually receive.

The writer of this article is confident that the charm and fascination which he has found in this truly great work, and the flame which goes from it through his soul lies not merely in the fact that its author has been a life-long beloved friend, and not merely in the book itself, but preëminently "in the man behind" the book.

The preparation of this work for the press was carried on in the midst of the deepest anxiety over the condition of his beloved wife, who passed away before it was finished, to the great grief of a large number of most affectionate friends, throughout the country. Miss Halsey, of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions, of Chicago, said, on learning of her death: "I have always esteemed my friendship with Mrs. Johnson as one of the privileges of my life. Here was one of the sweetest, rarest, purest, strongest spirits that ever blessed the world. I met her years ago on the train going to our annual meeting, and from that time she admitted me into the inner circle of her intimate friends. With a beautiful mind, trained to the highest degree of culture, with unusual gifts, both in speech and writing, she was yet so unassuming, so unconscious apparently of her rare mental development. Aside from her intellectuality, her

marked characteristic was her tenderness. This tenderness made her voice wonderfully sympathetic. Every one who has ever heard her read her little poems will remember this quality that made it so expressive. She was an admirable presiding officer, calm, cool, self-poised, with full knowledge of parliamentary rulings, ready for any emergency, and yet magnetic and sympathetic, quick to perceive an opportunity and seize it to give life and color to the sessions. She had a remarkable voice for public speaking, clear and sweet-toned, never high pitched or loud, yet in its rare carrying quality, without seeming effort, heard, however large the auditorium.

"The qualities that characterized her through life shone out with added radiance during the two years and a half she was laid aside upon a bed of suffering. To those who were admitted to the intimacy of her sick-room, it was a mount from which were caught glimpses of the Celestial City, to which her eyes were ever turning. Those who have nursed her bear testimony to the unfailing cheerfulness that made her presence a benediction. To him, sorely bereft, who has walked by her side so many years in perfect union of heart and mind and work, our hearts go out with tenderest sympathy. Theirs was an ideal marriage.

"When they were young people in the East, and the physicians' verdict was that the bracing

air of the Northern lake might restore her to health, Dr. Johnson resigned his charge that he might go with her to Marquette. On being remonstrated with by a friend about this, as he thought sacrificing a career, he said: 'What is a career to me if I lose her?' She has been spared to him for many years, an inspiration to others as well as to him. She has passed over the boundary into a fulness of life that even she, with her deep spiritual insight, could never have imagined. In her own words, I cannot say, and I will not say that she is dead, she is just away.

“With a tender smile and a wave of the hand  
She has entered into that unknown land;  
And left us wondering how very fair  
That land must be since she lingers there.”

“A voice in the twilight” had become a voice in the full light. Mrs. Herrick Johnson, whose gentle voice had been wise and eloquent in missionary councils, gifted with lyric and comforting powers in verse, and brilliant and tender in personal touch, had gone from a life of invalidism, conquered by amazing inward renewal day by day, and from two years of helpless pain and spiritual growth and beauty, to the place where there is no more sickness nor any pain.

Two are more than one and one. Herrick Johnson would have been one of the great-

est preachers, writers, reformers, ecclesiastics, theological teachers, and personal friends even if he had stood alone; and Mrs. Johnson would have been a star of Christian womanhood, shining and leading lesser ones in their true orbits, even if she had stood alone. But who can estimate the increment of intellectual and spiritual and social power for good that came to each from the ideal union of two such concordant minds and spirits? The romance of her life came to her when she met Herrick Johnson as a young divinity student at Auburn, and at the background of his distinguished career in the church there has all the while run the sweet history of a lovers' honeymoon, which only death could end. The funeral at Chicago was conducted by Dr. Johnson's colleagues in the Seminary Faculty, and the venerable professor bore the loved dust away to inter it in the quiet city in New York State where his good angel entered his life.

Of course this broke up the beautiful home he had had with this rare companion and gifted wife, and the door that was open to him was to go to his half-sister, Mrs. Oscar Gray of St. Louis, Mo., whose early education had been a dear charge of his, and whose home in her youth was with him. They were tenderly attached. Her home at St. Louis, Mo., was thrown open to him, and from the address and other places he wrote me the letters which immediately follow:

“ 4443 W. Belle Place,  
“ St. Louis, Mo., May 8th, 1908.

“ I thank you for your kind and characteristic reply to my last. This is to tell you where I am—here in old St. Louis. The city of Saint Samuel Nicolls and the home of my sister, Mrs. Mary Gray. Mollie was in my home several years at Troy and Pittsburgh, and now she has turned the tables on me, and has me at her home. I shall be here awhile at least and possibly till I go to ‘the House not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.’ The *Ideal Ministry* is to be out in time for the Assembly, and I have ordered a copy sent to you. I trust you will like it. It would have been worth a good deal to me if some such books had been placed in my hands when I entered Auburn Seminary. May you find it interesting enough to go through its pages. If I should go East this summer, is there a place where we could meet for hobnobbing and reminiscence? It may be that I will visit some of my old haunts, where my beloved and I went not ‘a-Maying,’ but ‘a-Julying,’ or ‘Augusting’ in the olden golden days. As ever,

“ HERRICK.”

On June 10, 1908, he wrote again, also from St. Louis:

“ Yes, I remember the old Seminary days, made doubly dear to me now. Auburn gave me my Katie and my theology and some eternal

friendships. It was then I first absorbed Dickens and fell in love with Mrs. Browning. You are so generously appreciative of my book that I shall have to read some searching, drastic criticisms of it to keep the balances.

“ Oh, yes, we would have been better preachers if we had been brought up on richer homiletic diet. But God be praised for what we had, and Broadus and Beecher, F. W. Robertson and Burton and others have been mighty helps since. I would give lots to meet you, old boy, and it may be that we can arrange for a meeting. But as I take my sister with me East, I must somewhat regard her wishes and tastes, as well as my own. My stay here is made most comforting and peaceful by the thoughtful interest of my beloved sister, Mrs. Gray. But I hardly know yet where I shall find a permanent home. Heaven will open to me some day. Meanwhile I mean to trust and love and patiently wait.

“ In the dear old bonds,

“ HERRICK.”

From Lake Mohunk, August 2, 1908, he writes:

“ We, my sister and I, are in this wonderfully beautiful region, where Katie and I used to come in the summering days and where some of our dearest delights were had. We shall be here through the month of August. I tried to make it possible to be with you a few days, but

circumstances are sometimes mightier than resolves. We were at Saratoga a couple of weeks, and amid the hallowed associations of that old resort of ours I had many and precious thoughts of my beloved. They are tearing old Temple Grove to pieces, making a kind of apartment house of it for young women, in connection with an industrial and art school, founded in the village by a wealthy woman of Saratoga. But I found a sort of fascinating satisfaction in crawling and climbing about the old building, to get into rooms Katie and I occupied so many summers. My sister and I stopped at Dr. Strong's.

“ Well, here also, in the midst of the Mohunk glories and beauties, memories are stirred by the associations. This was one of our favorite resorts, and it is as near an earthly paradise as anything I know, a great stretch of picturesque loveliness, where Katie and I walked and talked and communed with one another and with nature and with God. Oh, the memories! and the hopes!

“ Oceans of love to you both.

“ HERRICK.”

Back again to his sister's home in St. Louis, he wrote, September 11:

“ Your delightful letter made me regret the more our failure to get together this summer. I longed to see you. Our stay at Saratoga and Mohunk was very enjoyable, both sweetened

and saddened by precious memories. I did want to have a visit with you by the sea shore, but it was out of the question.

“I am back here with my sister, and am contemplating a run to Chicago on Monday. The Seminary opens on Tuesday, and I find myself longing to be at the services in the Seminary Chapel. I shall only stay a day or two in all probability, and what I shall permanently determine upon is altogether uncertain. The ties that bind me to the Seminary are very precious, and the associations of twenty-eight years are very strong. I don’t quite take to establishing new ties. My sister, Mrs. Gray, is kindness itself, ready to respond to my slightest wish and full of love and tenderness. The Waldos have moved to Urbana, where their son is now Professor in the Illinois State University. Mrs. Waldo was greatly fatigued by the journey, but is resting and rallying fairly well. But it will not be long before she will go to her Lord, and the four Hardenburg sisters will be together. I am wondering and wondering what new things God has in store for them who love Him. I often wonder what people are made of who think Heaven simply a place of mossy banks and flowing rivers and gentle zephyrs. Good-bye, old boy. Love to your wife, and a hearty wish that the evening slope of life may give you both an uninterrupted vision of golden glory.

“Aff’y., HERRICK.”

“ I find my heart leaning your way to-night, so I'll let my pen wag your way, too. I am wondering how you both are. I have no doubt that you are in the midst of plans and gifts and wishes and prayers anticipative of Christmas. How my Katie used to anticipate the glad day, and devise and arrange so that a wide circle came to be included in her holiday remembrance. And to the very last she kept up the blessed business, even when the physical weakness made the task almost too great for her. This last year has been a sad sweet year, full of memories most precious and of hopes most inspiring, and the angel of my heart seemed never so beautiful in all the years of our wedded life as during the months I have walked on alone. I am often wondering if *Katie knows!* I know the dear Lord knows, and I know He has ways of *letting her know!* And so I know that Katie knows if it is best for her to know.

“ My time is quite occupied with things, though I have nothing to do, i.e., nothing compulsory. I have been putting some few touches that seem to me improving touches, as my book for the second edition. I shall make another brief addendum, if another edition is called for, on the ‘Sermon, Its Ideas, Introduction, and Conclusion,’ following the chapter on the ‘Sermon, Its Ideal Topics.’ I have discussed the ‘Sermon, Its Ideal Definition, Its Ideal “ Constants,” “ Immediates,” “ Cardinals,” “ Top-

ics,"' but strangely enough I have omitted all discussion of its ideal introduction and conclusion, either of which may be determinative of pulpit effectiveness. How I came to leave these minor, and yet often vital parts of the sermon, to go without some elaboration and emphasis I do not quite know. But the wonder is, amid these trying days, when I was finishing the last part of the book, the wonder is that I was able to finish my task at all. For day and night I was in constant ministry to my darling in ways that were beyond the possibility of any nurse, however trained and sympathetic. The press, as well as the dear brethren, have been very kind to me.

Aff'y, as of old and evermore,  
" HERRICK."

" Your Christmas wish and greeting added to my stock of joy in yesterday's messages from all around the sky. It is the second Christmas I have passed since Katie went home. What if we could get greeting from *there*! I have been wondering what she would say! But God's seal is on that door, and I would not break it, not even for what would be the sweetest thing in the world to me—a message from my darling.

" Friends were very beautiful and bountiful in their remembrance of me. What a world of meaning is wrapped in that word sympathy!

" And now, dear old boy, what if I should look in on you both some day ere long? I am going

to Urbana, Ill., to see the Waldos sometime in January. Mrs. W. is very feeble. I hardly think she will live through the winter. She is a great sufferer from rheumatism—has been in bonds with it many, many weary months, and it is literally wearing her out. I am going to see her, the last of the four sisters, before she goes to meet her Lord and Katie. I know it would make Katie glad if she knew.

“And then I am thinking of going farther East to see some of my old Philadelphia parishioners and friends. My study and sleeping room are waiting for me in the dearest of homes in Germantown, [probably he refers to the home of his very dear friend, Mr. Abraham Perkins] and the two hearts that ‘beat as one’ are out on the lawn looking this way longingly and eager for my coming. How do I know this? They have sent me a photograph of it all, so I am going. Then I expect to run over to New York to see the dear brethren there for two or three days, and perhaps to spend a night with Revell at his home a little way out of town, where he has again and again invited me. Now I am thinking of going a little farther on this contemplated journey, with Pelham Manor as the terminus. What do you say to that? Not to spend the winter, but just for a day or two. Is Knox making his home now in Pelham Manor? I want much to see him and some of the other Union Seminary chaps.

"I am thinking of starting in early January.  
Blessings on you and yours.

"Aff'y., HERRICK."

Galen Hall, Atlantic City, May 10, 1909:

"It is 'Galen Hall,' you see, and it is fine. All the appointments are excellent, the rooms for general use are many and exceedingly attractive. The table is all that can be desired. The sleeping rooms are well appointed and cosey. I have a large closet in connection with mine, and a fine bathroom. But the room is about the smallest one I ever slept in. I am going to try to get more room, i.e., a larger one, and I am promised the first one that is vacated. But the treatment—well, I had my first one this afternoon and it was simply delicious. I felt like a new man. I have had many treatments in many institutions. But this, to-day, was the finest by all odds that was ever given me. Among other things, the fellow treating me shot two streams of water at me, hitting me first in front and then in rear, and then the right side and then the left side. The effect was peculiarly fine, fairly delicious, and the reaction was simply splendid.  
*Come and try it!*

"I suppose you will soon be off for the summer. But I do wish you could be moved to try a week at Galen Hall. I am an enthusiast about Galen Hall, and each day seems to let on more steam, if you will pardon the wretched metaphor.

I am here through August; I shall preach for Gesner four Sabbaths. He used to be over the Second Church of Saratoga, and has some admirable qualities as a preacher. He is very much liked here. His church was *jammed* full yesterday. Good-bye, old boy. Love to your wife.

“HERRICK.”

St. Louis, Mo., February 9, 1910:

“I have just been reading over your precious letter of January 29, and I must write again to tell you how it touches my heart. I am here with my sister, Mollie, where I first found shelter after Katie’s home-going. Of course, in one sense it is not ‘*home*,’ but Mollie is very sweet to me, and lived so often with us when Katie and I had a home together that her presence brings to mind many a precious incident of the old days. I shall run over to Urbana soon, the seat of the Illinois University, in which Dr. Waldo’s son is a professor. Mrs. Waldo is near death, I think. She has been a long but very patient sufferer, and the call home to her will be a blessed relief.

“From there I’ll go on to Chicago, where my old comrades in the toil and joy of fitting men for the ministry are still at their grand task. I hope to see lots of the old and dear friends, but most of all to meet and commune with Mrs. McCormick, who has been to me for thirty years a friend indeed.

“ How the ranks are thinning! I mean the old ranks, the ranks we kept strength with when we were buoyant youths! God be praised for two blessed things, memories and hopes.

“ As of old, so now and evermore,  
“ HERRICK.”

April 29, 1910:

“ Are you expecting to be at Auburn next week? Do you know what a fine program they have for Commencement Week, and that I am one of the speakers and *not in it*? It has been a great disappointment to me to turn my back on that Alumni feast. I was to speak on ‘ The True Evangelism,’ and it is in my heart that a ringing word needs to be said on the subject. But I could not get at it. My old brain kicked, I could not put it in the traces. And I could not soar with it. So I had to give up the appointment, though it cost me a big lot to do it. You see, old comrade, the swing of the old days is going, if it is not gone. I can’t count on the powers. They get sluggish, they go wool-gathering. They sometimes sleep. But I have an outline on that topic, a *message* that I believe needs to be spoken and some day yet it may find a voice.

“ Let me know about your summer plans; we may cross tracks. Love to your wife. Ever,

“ HERRICK.”

We come now to the announcement of his approaching marriage to Miss Margaret Duncan

of Louisville, Ky. The sensational press in referring to it had the cruel headings, "Eighteen and Seventy-eight." But the facts should be made plain that Miss Duncan was a mature, cultivated Christian woman, at an appropriate age in middle life for marriage. A charming woman, who was ready to make a beautiful home for this homeless, lonely man. And the thousands who knew and loved Dr. Johnson and mourned over his sorrowful, lonely condition, will never cease to be grateful to her who made during the last three years of his great life such a bright, happy, and loving home for him out of the devoted love she had for him.

He wrote as follows, expressing his wonder at getting no word from me about his approaching marriage. As a matter of fact, I had really never received the letter and knew nothing of it, save the cruelly incorrect notice in the paper:

"August 30, 1910, St. Louis, Mo.

"I have just been reading over your delightful letter of May last, and to my surprise it bears no trace of your having been notified of my prospective marriage. It cannot be possible that I have not informed you of it, but this letter of yours of last May is the only letter in my possession. I cannot believe it possible that months have passed with no letters passing between us. Surely I have told you of my new joy, and surely I have had, or ought to have had, a

bunch of hearty congratulations from one of the oldest and dearest friends of the old days and years. It comes over me like a flood, such a possibility of silence. I am to be married to Miss Margaret Duncan of Louisville, Ky., on the 22nd of next month.

"We shall take a little bridal tour to New York and up the Hudson and through Lake George, returning to settle in Germantown (Philadelphia) early in October, where I have already secured a little love of a house for our future home. I have had some most precious letters of sympathetic and tender interest, which has been a great joy to me, and I am simply astonished that I do not find yours among them. Dr. Ray wrote me a wonderful letter, and so did Mrs. Peebles of Lansingburgh, Katie's most loved and intimate companion and friend through nearly her whole life.

"I sent your name to Miss Duncan along with a whole lot of others to whom announcements, official and formal, were to be sent. I won't write any more until I get further word from you. I am in a perfect maze of uncertainty and doubt and bewilderment.

"With the old loving heart,  
"HERRICK."

I wrote him as soon as possible, explaining that from June all through the summer and autumn months I had been, first in the General

Hospital at Rochester for a severe and very dangerous operation, and then in the Jackson Health Resort at Dansville, N. Y., for slow recovery, and still later at Block Island, R. I., unable to write any letters, though I had not heard from him, and then came this reply of September 11, 1910, St. Louis, only about ten days before his marriage:

"No, no, no! I have heard nothing of your protracted and severe illness. I little knew you were so far down in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What a weary watching and waiting, and what a glad returning to life and love, and such service as God may fit you for. Nothing henceforth compulsory, no allotted and compelled tasks, no constraint through others to work, to which you can never go again with leaps and bounds and with feet like hind's feet. I find a real satisfaction in my limitations.

"If I ever go to the operating table I trust I may have the same spirit of trust and serenity that marked you. I certainly have something of the quality of endurance that marked your case, for my 'vital organs' have served me splendidly through all the years. And I think with a quiet life and no obligatory work, and a loving woman and a home nest, with Miss Duncan's widowed sister to share it with us, and with a goodly number of my old and loved parishioners in the immediate vicinage, the evening slope of life may be somewhat useful and

very beautiful. Some day yet we may get together and talk over these and scores of other experiences, and thank God for the grace that helped us in sore traits and made us at last fit for the Kingdom and glory. Love to you both

“From the same old

“HERRICK.”

After the death of his first wife he hungered inexpressibly for a home of his own, and it was fairly pathetic to see how he enjoyed it. It was a lovely suburban residence in Germantown, Philadelphia, an old-fashioned stone house, in an attractive lawn, and all modern improvements in the house. The charming study, opening onto the lawn, the delightful reception room, the exceedingly pleasant dining room, their own rooms upstairs, and guest chambers, Dr. Johnson specially enjoyed showing to his guests, whom he always welcomed with characteristic cheer and *bonhomie*. From this address I received the two characteristic letters which here follow:

“6358 Greene Street, Germantown Station,  
“Philadelphia, Pa., April 21, 1911.

“Where are you and how are you, and are you planning to be at the Assembly this year? You know it meets at Atlantic City, and we, Marjorie and I, are going to run down there for a few days. Wednesday, May 17th, promises to be a great day. Dr. Jowett is to be there,

the big gun that has just come over the sea. I want to hear him, and so do you. Thursday the Assembly opens. Marjorie has never been at a General Assembly, and this will furnish a good opportunity to see what a splendid thing it is. We shall return to Philadelphia after a good taste of the big gathering, and huge drafts of sea air. I don't believe that I could stand the racket of an entire session. But how I used to enjoy the rush and roar and the high debates. I have hanging in my study a group of fourteen Moderators, taken one summer at Saratoga. I don't believe such a large number has before or since been present. It was the year we organized the Board of College Aid, and Moore was Moderator, and the ex-Mods. were Darling, Van Dyke, Sr., Roberts, J. T. Smith, Patton, Crosby, Morris, Paxton, Craven, Backus, C. L. Thompson, E. D. Morris, and myself.

"How the ranks have been mown down! Charlie, we are among the older white-heads. It can't be long before the call to 'come up higher' will take us to immortal youth. I feel pretty well preserved for a man close to the end of 79. But I could no more go through one of those old debates that made the Assembly a memory for life than I could fly. I think you owe me a letter; make believe you do, anyhow, and drop a few of your epistolary sweets into my capacious maw. Love to your wife. As ever,

"HERRICK."

“Germantown, Philadelphia, April 2, 1912.

“Just a word of affection and cheer. Retrospect and prospect seem equally bringers of joy to our hearts. How time is enlarging the numbers of our loved ones over the river, and how the ranks on this side, with whom we have often walked into the ‘Holy of Holies,’ are thinning out. Katie’s sister, Mrs. Waldo, is lying very ill and quite helpless in her home, in Urbana, Ill., and her husband, nearly ten years older than I, waits for the call home, and a little granddaughter may soon be called. Dr. Waldo has a son, a Professor in the University of Illinois, at Urbana, and they are there together, the aged grandfather and grandmother, and their son and his wife, and the children’s children. But it cannot be long before the circle will be broken. And what a gathering, a *family* gathering it will be when they get home! Yes, our McCormick Robinson is a smasher when he chooses to step into the arena, a royal, genial fellow, chock full of O. T. knowledge, he is sound to the core, a lovely, cheery, whole-hearted, genial fellow, and has no patience with the *extremists* in higher criticism. As to Beecher, I hold him in warm and reverent regard, a careful, well-balanced, and critical scholar, also sound to the core, and just the man to be writing on ‘Reasonable Bible Criticism.’ We hope, Marjorie and I, to go to Louisville next May. You know the Assembly meets there this year, and it was Marjorie’s home

for years. Of course, I have no right whatever to be a commissioner from Chicago Presbytery, though I am still a member of that body. But if there are not many hankering to go this year, there is a possibility of my being made a delegate. Good-bye, dear heart. Love to you both.

“In the old bonds,  
“HERRICK.”

In visiting Mrs. Robinson's brother, who was a singularly happy paralytic, and his very dear family, we went to the church where Dr. Johnson sent word he was to preach, and dined delightfully with Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, and her sister, who was living with them. He was so unaffectedly happy to have us as his guests and to have us at his table, that our hearts went out with warmest gratitude and love to Mrs. Johnson for securing such a home for our beloved friend, who without it would have been so unspeakably lonely. The strong, grand sermon he preached with that thrilling ring in his voice occasionally sounding as of yore, the still eagle-like glance of his eye, the ride with him and his lovely wife to their home, and that social dinner, with all its attractiveness, remains as an ever to be cherished precious memory of our last sight of him.

In writing afterwards to us, leaving out his introductory loving personalities, he adds: “Your letter was ‘linked sweetness,’ I wish I

could add 'long drawn out,' but it was a joy to have you and your beloved in our home, and it was a real satisfaction to *preach to you two sinners!*

"I have a sermon on the 'Prisons of the Soul.' I am almost sorry I did not preach it, but it lacked the adaptation to *the hour* that the text chosen so happily furnished. That 'Forasmuch as ye know' is a great stimulant to 'always abounding.'

"We are so glad you enjoyed our little modest home, and I am so glad you so easily discovered that my Marjorie is a 'multum in parvo.' She is out this evening to hear *Speer* on 'Missions,' but my having a cold made it seem the part of Providence to stay indoors. Good-bye, old fellow, and assure your beloved wife of our warm interest and ever watchful regard."

To show into what a cheery, sunny, and affectionate family Dr. Johnson married when he took Miss Margaret Duncan of Louisville for his wife, I quote from a letter written by Mr. W. G. Duncan, president of the Luzerne Coal Company, Greenville, Ky., October 1, 1912, on Dr. Johnson's eightieth birthday. The letter has this on the file in Dr. Johnson's handwriting: "Brother Bill's precious and cheery letter, concerning my eightieth birthday."

"MY DEAR BROTHER HERRICK:

"We reached home in safety and found all our people well, and we have been having de-

lightful weather ever since we came back. We fully expected to have a letter in Atlantic City for you on the 22nd of September, that being the day that was commemorated by you and your dear little wife, the day that marked two anniversaries, the first being the anniversary of the day that your two hearts were made one, and the second being the anniversary of your own birthday, and I certainly congratulate you on your health and the wonderful preservation of all your faculties on your eightieth anniversary. I know that you are grateful to the Master, and you ought to be, for such preservation as enables you to climb to the high peak from which you review your past, and look forward to the future, whatever it may have for you. And it is certainly our wish and prayers that He may yet have in store for you many days, even reaching into many years probably, and may they all be as bright and happy as any that have been reviewed by you in the past. Your humble servant thinks that he is getting to be quite an aged man, but when he thinks of the octogenarian period that you have reached and, looking down as you see the sunset slope of life, with all the strength that you possess, he can hardly hope to attain to the height and the nearness to the Master that you have reached, because it has been a life's work with you, as it should be with all of us. But it seems that when I get home and get involved in commerce and business,

that I too often forget the duties and pleasures that I owe to those who are very near and dear to me. It is so easy to postpone. This little word 'procrastination' is one of the most dangerous words in the language and causes more troubles, annoyances, and heartaches probably than any other, and I fear that I permit it to let me say from day to day, 'to-morrow' I must do certain things. At any rate, our hearts were full of love for both of you on that day, and we spoke of it in our home and in our prayers that night.

"Again hoping that you may both be spared to each other and to those who love both of you, we are most heartily and sincerely

"Your brother and sister,

"BILL AND KATIE."

I am sure that it will be a great gratification to those of Dr. Johnson's friends who may read this record of his life to learn through a few quotations from many happy letters how satisfied and delighted he was in his home. He wrote at this time to his sister-in-law, whose home was with them in Germantown, but who had been absent quite a time in Louisville for treatment for her eyes. Mrs. Johnson, in writing to her sister, writes at the close of her letter: "Herrick can have all the space he wants to-day for his postscript. He often tells me I do not give him enough."

"June 3, 1913.

"Yes, dear Ella, I want all the space left by your considerate and ever-thoughtful sister, but I am not sure that I can so fill it that you will cry for more. Indeed, I think you have stopped giving me the slightest notice lately, not even saying 'dear folks' at the beginning of your epistolary chat. Well, if I can't be anything but a 'folk' I would rather be that than a nonentity, so peg away with almost the commonest cognomens, if so be I only get noticed. You certainly have such an abundance of riches in the heart line that you can afford to give lavishly in affectionate expression, even to an old crank like me. So let the tender mix with the commonplace, and don't, don't let silence reign in the kingdom of sisterhood. Just let me have a share in your epistolary goodies, and the bigger the better.

"I have been greatly interested in the Presbyterian Assembly at Atlanta. How splendidly Dr. Stone of my old Fourth Church outran the fellows that had let their friends toot and toot before the Assembly met. A good deal of his success was, *of course*, owing to the fact that he was Pastor of my old church! The sure road to the Moderatorship was *through that gateway*. I got in that way! Though Dr. Nicolls did his best in tooting Dr. Dickey. Good-bye, dear sister. When are you coming home?"

In another letter, Mrs. Johnson wrote at its

close: "I am sitting at Herrick's desk, and using his pen, but all to no avail; the brilliant thoughts of his brain do not seem to put themselves on paper through the medium of his pen." Then Herrick takes up the laid-down pen:

"P. S.: The brilliant thoughts are here, but they are not Marjorie's, i.e., if they prove stupid, Marjorie shall mother them, and if they prove brilliant, count them as Herrick's own, stamped and sealed, and 'good for this trip only.' But alas, me, the brilliants are paste. I picked one up just now to put in here, and lo, and behold! it disclosed its quality, and I pitched it into the waste-basket. By the bye, have you forgotten that there is a brother here who loves you, and who thinks he has at least a little bit of individuality, and rather prides himself on being 'not transferable and good for this trip only,' and so don't like to be bunched with a lot of others and called folks? You seem to be having a royal time, as if you were the Queen Jewel in a cluster of brilliants. Our little niece, Mary Elizabeth, is not here to-night to be challenged for a game of rook, so we tried backgammon, and Marjorie bloomed and bloomed with zeros. If she really wants to beat her boy, she should try something else. Good-bye; we think of you, love you, and pray for you. As ever,

"HERRICK."

In another letter he writes to this beloved sister-in-law :

“ Dear Sun-beaming Sister, what’s the matter in your new quarters? Are they so large and exacting in their claims on your time and strength that you lose sight of the big kid and his wife located here, in Germantown? Your sister is threatening all sorts of reprisals, and your brother is saying, ‘ Me too,’ with a mighty emphasis. If I *knew* your weak point, you would get a walloping never to be forgotten. You haven’t seen me yet with a *lashing tongue!* If you would escape all that, just let silence be broken by a loving and tender epistle to Marjorie, and a cartload of apologies to yours truly. Marjorie has caught a cold in some way. But the Doctor of Medicine is attending to her case, and the doctor of theology is doing his best to keep her in good cheer, and the weather is so favorable that we are hoping for rapid improvement. A cheery, hearty letter from you would be a fine tonic. We are reading *The Master of the Oaks*, by Caroline Stanley, and like it exceedingly. She puts things very happily, and every page is alive with her wit and wisdom. If we were through with it, I would send it to you. Get it to while away the weary hours you must be enduring so far away from your Germantown home. The weather is delicious, and Germantown is at its best. It seems to me

that the place never looked lovelier, and our little retreat is quite beautiful by a flower bed, just in front of our back porch. All we need now to make conditions perfect is—you may guess what. Marjorie will add a word, so that you will see that she is gentle and loving and forgiving, notwithstanding, etc., etc. Good-bye. Come home soon.

“ HERRICK.”

In a postscript to another letter to this sister, he writes:

“ Somehow the house don’t seem like the same home without you, and you are not telling us much about yourself. Do write a full, clear, elaborate, roseate account of yourself, and especially go into particulars about your eyes. We pray for you every day, ask the dear Lord to be round about you as a shield, and in you as an abiding and an abysmal joy. Mary Elizabeth seems to be at the very height of joy just now, because she and her wise and sober Aunt Dick beat me at a game of logomachy. If it clears up for an outing, we will take a drive through the park. Do let us hear often. With waves on waves of love from us all.”

This was one of the bright and cheerful postscripts he wrote from his home to a dearly loved sister-in-law. They all breathe a serenity born of his great hope, and of the abiding presence

of the Son of God in his soul. He knew he was not far from his transfer from earth to Heaven. It came as he wished it—suddenly, while he was sleeping. The telegram announcing that he had gone from earth to Heaven had its exceedingly painful and its very glorious sides. His devoted family and his large number of devoted friends has lost him. The world will never seem the same with Herrick Johnson gone. But he has gone to be forever with the Lord. A very abundant entrance was ministered unto him. The Son of God must have delighted in him. All the way through life he had followed Him, broadening, deepening, rising in his spiritual life unto the end. Indeed, there was no end; he has entered into life. The adorable Master, the Son of God, we are sure rejoices to have such a soul near Him, with Him in the glory.

He preached on Wednesday night, November 12, just a week before he went home, at the First Church, Germantown, where he and Mrs. Johnson worshipped, from the text, "Their Works Do Follow Them" (Rev. 14:13). The sermon appears on a later page. His voice was in fine condition, that wonderful voice of his, and to his hearers, who listened with rapt attention, he seemed to put as much vigor and enthusiasm into his preaching as a man of forty years. After service he walked home, about eight blocks, and to one who asked

him if he felt tired, he replied: "I feel like a morning star. It doesn't hurt me to preach. There isn't anything in the world like preaching the Gospel. I would like to be at it again!"

The next day he went with his wife to the city. They lunched there together, and going back home before her he met her, as was his custom, at the station. Saturday evening they went to an entertainment furnished by John Kendrick Bangs, where Dr. Johnson's contagious appreciation of the lecturer's humor kept the people near by greatly amused. It rained on Sunday, his last Sunday, and he did not go out. But in every way he showed his quiet enjoyment of the day. In the evening he read a sermon to his wife, and they sang together all the dear old hymns which he loved. He went on Monday to the ministers' meeting, lunched in town, but seemed very tired. The doctor did not think any occasion for alarm. He seemed better on Tuesday. In the afternoon he took a walk with Mrs. Johnson, but stayed at home on Wednesday, his last day. He often spoke of how glorious it would be for them all to be with the Lord. In the evening he played backgammon with Mrs. Johnson, and slept the early part of the night. He was very restless the latter part of the night, but fell asleep again, and quietly, without any struggle, passed away. He had requested that at the last there should be a most simple service.

He had frequently said: "Wouldn't it be blessed to go to sleep at night and wake up in Heaven?" God took him in the way he wanted to go. He had promised to preach at the Baptist Home, near them, Thursday night, and when one of the men from that home came on Wednesday to see him about it, he told him he would be there. In the night he talked about it, and Mrs. Johnson replied: "We will see how you feel in the morning." In the morning he was with his Heavenly Father. Services were held at the house on Saturday evening at five o'clock, because Dr. Johnson's sister, Mrs. Oscar Gray of St. Louis, and his half-brother, Mr. Charles Johnson of Webster Groves, Mo., did not get to Germantown until Saturday morning. The service at home was most satisfactorily conducted by Dr. Jennings, the Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Germantown, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Dripps, an old and dear friend of Dr. Johnson's, and who has himself since passed away.

On Saturday the beloved remains of the departed were borne to Auburn, N. Y., and deposited in the Hardenburg family burial lot beside those of the first Mrs. Johnson.

Accompanying the body to Auburn were Mrs. Johnson and her sister, Mrs. Walter W. Boone, of Germantown, and her brother, W. G. Duncan, of Greenville, Ky.; her friend, Mrs. John S. Lyons, of Louisville, Ky., also Dr. Herrick

Johnson's sister, Mrs. N. Oscar Gray, of St. Louis, Mo., and his brother, C. W. Johnson, of Webster Groves, Mo. These friends were all entertained by President Stewart at his home, on the Seminary campus.

Dr. Andrew Z. Zenos, who represented McCormick Seminary and had a part in the services, was a friend and co-worker of Dr. Johnson's for many years at McCormick Seminary. Dr. Zenos is Professor of Church History in that institution. He was entertained here by Rev. Charles G. Richards, D.D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, who was a student under both Dr. Zenos and Dr. Johnson at "McCormick."

The services at Bradley Chapel were attended by a small body of friends in addition to those who had brought the body here for burial. A number of beautiful floral tributes were sent to the chapel, among which was a beautiful cross of white roses, chrysanthemums, and lilies from the Faculty of McCormick Seminary.

President Stewart read several selections of Scripture, taking them from the book of forms compiled by Dr. Johnson. Dr. Zenos spoke briefly of the work of the deceased, but said that he would make no attempt to give an appreciation of his life and work. He stated that a memorial service when such expression would be given was to be held in the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Chicago at the first of the year.

Following his remarks, Dr. Zenos read a minute passed by the McCormick Faculty after they had received the news of the death of Dr. Johnson. The minute follows:

“The news which has just reached us of the death of our beloved colleague, the Rev. Professor Herrick Johnson, D.D., LL.D., brings to our minds afresh the strong personality whose activities and influence have shaped so greatly the history of our institution.

“Dr. Johnson gave to this Seminary the best energies of his being. He came to his classroom in 1881 out of the midst of busy pastoral work. The churches which had known his power as preacher and pastor are among the leading forces of our denominations. Churches in which history had already been made accepted his leadership and rejoiced in his power.

“From Auburn, where he taught successive generations of young men, he came to this city as pastor of a church in whose membership were men of extraordinary force of character, trained in leadership, and originators of great enterprises. While this would have been to most men a satisfying arena for labor and struggle, to Dr. Johnson the opportunity that was offered in our Seminary appealed with an irresistible attraction. It is not to the classroom alone that his activities were confined. He was one of the builders here when the outlook was just beginning to brighten, and when enthusiasm and gen-

erous optimism were the prerequisites of the Seminary's success. Shoulder to shoulder with men of power, experience, and strong will, he labored year after year.

"Generations of students bear grateful testimony to his great personality. Were any discouraged, they received from him fresh inspiration and went their way rejoicing. Were any needy, their anxieties were relieved and their studies continued by reason of his open-handed generosity. Our heritage to-day was won by such work as he and the others unceasingly and unstintingly gave. It is not always given to our great men to see the fruit of their labors, and be satisfied therewith, to give of their strength, and yet behold the crown not only of the institution, but of their own abundant toil.

"Dr. Johnson felt that he had rounded out his task, and that he could retire from a work nobly done, and we believe that in these last years, when he was resting and awaiting the summons to appear in the presence of his Master, that he felt a joy and satisfaction in what he had done for the young men, the sons of the Church.

"We sorrow that he is for a season parted from us, we do even more greatly rejoice that he can so triumphantly enter into rest.

"In this hour of sorrow, our sincere and heartiest sympathy goes forth to the wife, who is now deprived of his love, care, and companionship."

The following was adopted that evening by the members of the Faculty of Auburn Theological Seminary:

"The Faculty of Auburn Theological Seminary would record their sense of loss to the Seminary and to the Church in the death of the Rev. Professor Herrick Johnson, D.D., LL.D., of McCormick Theological Seminary.

"Dr. Johnson came to Auburn in the vigor of his manhood, and with the fame of preacher and leader. His teaching of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology had the authority of experience, and attracted and quickened by its clearness and positiveness. He gave to it the charm of enthusiasm and sympathy.

"Drawn to Chicago by what seemed to him the unparalleled opportunity of the Northwest, Dr. Johnson never forgot his Alma Mater and the place of his first teaching, but rejoiced in the welfare of Auburn, and followed his former students with undiminished interest.

"Four of the present Faculty think of him with reverence and love as the inspirer of their young manhood, and all the Faculty unite in the expression of gratitude for the gift to the Church of a preacher and teacher so devoted to his high calling, so prophetic in his vision of opportunity, so effective in calling and training young men for the work of the Christian ministry."

On December 7, 1913, in the First Church,

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Philadelphia, Sunday at 4 P.M., a remarkable service in memory of Dr. Johnson was held by his former students of McCormick Theological Seminary.

Dr. Edw. Yates Hill, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, where the Rev. Albert Barnes and Dr. Johnson had been pastor, presided. The Rev. Robert E. L. Jarvis, Ph.D., offered prayer; Dr. David S. Kennedy, editor of the *Presbyterian*, spoke on "Dr. Johnson as a Church Leader." The Rev. John W. Francis, pastor of the Oxford Presbyterian Church, spoke on "Dr. Johnson as the Author." Dr. Joseph W. Cochran, Secretary of the Board of Education, spoke on "Dr. Johnson as the Preacher"; Dr. John R. Sutherland, Associate Secretary of the Board of Ministerial Relief and Sustentation, spoke on "Dr. Johnson as Pastor and Friend." The Rev. James H. Dunham, of the University of Pennsylvania, spoke on "Dr. Johnson, the Educator." I wish that the space assigned me by the publishers would allow me to quote these addresses in full. I trust, however, that they will appear in a memorial volume devoted to this great service, together with the many tender and beautiful letters sent to Dr. Hill. All of these are well worth reproduction here, but the limitations set by the publishers make it essential to select only a few. Here is one from the Rev. Dr. Stryker, the President of Hamilton College, Dr. Johnson's Alma Mater:

“ November 28, 1913.

“ THE REV. DR. EDWARD YATES HILL.

“ My Dear Sir: Under the request of Dr. Cochran, I write briefly this inadequate tribute to Dr. Herrick Johnson as I knew him. I had the honor to follow him in the pastorate of the Fourth Church of Chicago. In all the work of the Chicago Presbytery, 1885-1892, I was closely associated with him. He was my teacher at Auburn, 1875-1876. He was an honored graduate of Hamilton, 1857—even then distinguished for his public forensic gifts. He was selected in 1903 to make the memorial address here in tribute to our long-time beloved Professor Edward North. He did it in most complete and welcome sort.

“ I deeply admired the masculine strength and courage of conviction which marked all of Dr. Johnson’s career. He had rare spiritual energy and tenacity. I enjoyed serving under him upon the College Board, which was his child and which nobly perpetuates his ardor for Christian higher education.

“ He was a good and kindly friend to me, and I cherish the memory of his long and wise service.

“ I send my greetings to those who also loved him.

“ And I am yours most sincerely,  
“ M. WOOLSEY STRYKER.”

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From the President of the McCormick Theological Seminary:

“ McCormick Theological Seminary, President’s House, 2348 North Halsted Street, Chicago, December 3, 1913.

“ MY DEAR MR. HILL:

“ It is with the greatest gratification I learn of the intention of the Alumni of McCormick Theological Seminary to hold a memorial service for the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson in the First Church of Philadelphia. Surely such a service will give opportunity to his former students to voice their admiration for a beloved teacher, while the very walls of the Church itself will sound out the praise of its former Pastor.

“ My acquaintance with Dr. Johnson covers almost forty years. During that period our fellowship became increasingly intimate, and our friendship increasingly affectionate.

“ I knew him first as a great preacher, and I recall with delight my admiration of his stalwart form, his vigorous speech, and his impressive personality. Then I learned to know him as a tender-hearted pastor, who saw deep into another’s sensitiveness, and who carried as his own another’s grief. Still later I knew him as the inspiring teacher, sure of his own convictions and summoning his pupils to accept and live his views. Then there came acquaintance with him

as a courageous initiator, and I watched with delight his movements to originate the College Board and to secure revision of confessional standards.

“The phase, however, of his character that I most love to dwell upon, and that seems to me his commanding glory, was the magnaminity of his soul. He had the wonderful faculty, bestowed upon the very few, of preserving sweetness of spirit, even when controversy was severe and tended toward bitterness. I have seen him face his opponent in debate with absolutely unyielding resistance, and then when the debate concluded, grasp the hand of his opponent with warmth and assure him of his good-will. I never knew him to cherish a grudge. His was a splendidly loving heart, ready when the summons came to enter into that perfect life that is perfect love.

“With my best wishes to all who participate in this worthy service, I am cordially,

“JAMES G. K. McCLURE.”

Here is a single sentence from the letter of the beloved and honored Dr. Charles T. L. Thompson, for many years Secretary of the Board of Home Missions:

“Our Church has produced few men like Herrick Johnson—great in service, in friendship, and in consecration.”

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From Dr. Johnson's very dear friend and Seminary associate, Prof. Andrew C. Zenos, this came:

“McCormick Theological Seminary, 2330 North Halsted Street, Chicago, December 3, 1913.

REV. EDWARD YATES HILL, D.D., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

“My Dear Dr. Hill: I am deeply grateful for the opportunity of sharing in the service to be held in memory of Dr. Johnson at Philadelphia. The fact that such a service is planned for in a church with which he had ceased to be connected for nearly forty years is evidence of the strength of Dr. Johnson's hold on the hearts of his friends. He was indeed a many-sided and great man, but his greatness was nowhere more clearly revealed than in his power to arouse affection and loyalty in the hearts of his friends. He did not do this with a conscious effort, though he enjoyed and appreciated as much as any one else the possession of loyal friends. It was, however, more the unconscious magnetism of his personality than his deliberate action that drew men to him and placed him in the position of leadership when leaders were called for.

“My own relations with him came to be, in the course of thirty years, of the most intimate kind. It was a joy to see him enter our home and make himself a child with the children, to

hear his hearty laugh as he frolicked and jested with them, and to feel the warmth of his genial presence in the household circle. It was a privilege likewise to be allowed access to the sacredness of his own home life, to witness the open-handed and lavish way in which he expressed his affection for those he loved, and to admire the tender care and courtly chivalry with which he always treated her who so beautifully shared in all his public labors and rewards to the end of his active connection with McCormick Seminary.

"He was not slow in making his friends understand that with him they must be free to express differences of opinion without risk of losing his esteem. Loyalty to him did not mean standing with him, right or wrong, on all questions in dispute before the public. In private conversation, as well as in public debate, he expressed himself emphatically, fearlessly, and vigorously. He gave hard blows in behalf of what he considered the truth; but he was also willing to listen patiently, and seemed to enjoy emphatic dissent from his views as long as it was expressed without personal rancor. When the controversy was over, he was ready to return to the unruffled enjoyment of as intimate fellowship as ever.

"One was not tempted to think of doing any service for Dr. Johnson. His general strength left the impression that he was never in need of

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help of any sort. Nevertheless he was sensitive to the slightest sign of friendliness, and his generous heart always magnified whatever was done for him in the way of expressing affection and regard.

“ His public services and character will, no doubt, receive in other ways the tribute which they deserve. I esteem it a privilege to be able to add to your service these few words of a private and personal appreciation of him.

“ Sincerely,  
“ ANDREW C. ZENOS.”

From his lifelong friend, Dr. Nicolls:

“ 8 Hortense Pl., St. Louis, Mo., December  
4, 1913.

“ REV. EDWARD YATES HILL, D.D., 1014 CLIN-  
TON STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

“ My dear Dr. Hill:

“ Your letter, notifying me of the services to be held in memory of Dr. Herrick Johnson, is at hand. I greatly regret that circumstances prevent me from being present on that occasion, for I should like to be among the number of those who will come to render their tribute of honor to his character, and of gratitude for his services.

“ It was my privilege to know him and to enjoy his friendship for many years. I gladly bear testimony to his rare qualities of mind and heart. His was a unique and most attractive personality. No one could enter an assembly of which

Dr. Johnson formed a part and fail to recognize his presence. It was dominating. His commanding form, the expression of his countenance, his free, vigorous movements, and his manner of speech proclaimed him a born leader of men. There was nothing negative about him. Positive in speech and convictions, there was a certain royalty which compelled attention. He was a brave and fearless fighter for truth and righteousness, never trimming his utterances to win applause, or gain the favor of men.

“The history of his ministry furnishes many striking illustrations of his unfaltering and heroic fidelity to his convictions. He was not afraid to challenge the powers of darkness; yet he was no controversialist, eager to cross swords with those whose convictions and interpretations of truth differed from his. He was broad-minded, sympathetic, and tolerant in his judgment of others. His genial and lovable nature, and a soul quickened by divine grace, made him incapable of cherishing resentment or bitterness against those who differed from him or opposed him. Who, that knew him, does not remember the smile that illuminated his face and the joyous words of welcome that burst from his lips when he greeted a friend? He could laugh heartily, sincerely, and jovially, which is a high qualification for a theologian and a teacher. He could also shed tears, and weep with those that wept. He was genuinely and unaffectedly

human, keenly alive to all of the interests of life. For this reason he had a magnetic attraction for his fellow-men and drew them to himself in interest and personal affection.

“ He was not ambitious to secure leadership, yet he had it as by divine right. His preëminence in the Church was not accidental or attained by selfish methods. He was a great preacher, not only through his knowledge of the Scriptures and his ability to present their teachings in systematic form, but also through his power to appeal to the consciences and hearts of his hearers. Those who sat under his instruction in the Theological Seminary will remember what importance he attached to the *appeal* with which a sermon should close.

“ He was a writer of good books, among which, the one which will be of most enduring value, is the *Ideal Ministry*, the rich fruitage of his long experience and ripened wisdom. But the most important feature of his public ministry was that given for twenty-five years to McCormick Theological Seminary. By what he there wrote upon the minds and hearts of the young men who came under his instruction he has multiplied and extended his influence throughout our country and the world. They are ‘living epistles,’ each one bearing more or less the marks of his handwriting upon them. His memory is an inspiration to them, his example full of instruction.

“ Best of all, Dr. Johnson was a sincere,

humble-minded, and joyful Christian. His assured faith made him 'glad in the Lord.' This was the secret of his perpetual youthfulness. He never grew old, save in bodily powers. He did not, as is sometimes the case, lose his interest in the affairs of the Church as his years multiplied. After his retirement from his chair in the Theological Seminary, he became an attendant for a time upon the services of the church of which I am the pastor. Not only was he present on the Lord's Day, but he was a regular attendant upon the weekly prayer meeting, in which he took part both by prayer and exhortation. He preached powerfully among us by his example. It would require a volume, rather than this brief letter, to give an adequate estimate of his character and ministry. We who knew him and were privileged to come immediately under the power of his personality, thank God in his behalf, and hold him in loving memory. But his influence going abroad to thousands who never knew him personally is one of the priceless legacies of the whole Church. Thank God for such a man.

" May a double portion of his spirit rest upon those who have witnessed his departure, and to whom his memory is so dear.

" Fraternally yours,

" SAM'L J. NICCOLLS."

The following graceful tribute to Dr. Johnson is here reproduced from the columns of *The Continent*:

## A VALIANT CAPTAIN OF THE LORD'S HOST.

*The Continent* is gratified to-day with the reflection that it has not waited until his death to pay tribute to the brilliant talents which Dr. Herrick Johnson so powerfully and wholeheartedly devoted to the religious progress of his generation. What is said here, therefore, accompanying the record of his decease at his home in Philadelphia on Thursday, November 20, can only be reaffirmation and reemphasis of previous estimates of his altogether exceptional service in the Presbyterian Church. It was a service compounded of half a dozen varied elements, whereof any one would have been enough to secure his name permanent remembrance in the Christian annals of America.

Dr. Herrick Johnson was born in Kaughnewagh, New York, September 22, 1832. Graduating from Hamilton College and Auburn Seminary he was ordained to the ministry in 1860. Almost immediately he leaped into the reputation of a preacher of the first rank for eloquence, charm, and force. Successively he was popular in the pulpits of his first charge in Troy, New York; the Third Church of Pittsburgh, and First Church of Philadelphia. Then followed a period of six years as professor of homiletics in his home seminary at Auburn. Thence in 1880 he was drawn to Chicago to

serve as pastor of the Fourth Church with incidental teaching duties in McCormick Seminary. Shortly the teaching took precedence of the pastoral work, and he launched out fully on his greatest lifework in connection with that institution. At the beginning of this period he was elected moderator of the General Assembly in Springfield, Ill., May, 1882.

In 1905 the advance of age induced Dr. Johnson to retire from active duties. In 1907 he lost his wife, whom as Miss Catherine Hardenburg he married in Auburn in 1860. In 1910 he wedded Miss Duncan of Louisville.

There was something leonine in Dr. Johnson, despite his slender and nervous figure, and that daring and imperious quality had endued him with the magic of leadership from his youth up. Of that leaderly power he gave a faithful steward's good account by helping to cement during his young manhood the then recent conjunction of Old and New School Presbyterians, by forcing on the General Assembly the necessity for organizing a College Board to advance Christian education, by contributing to the development of McCormick Theological Seminary, by calming the hysteria of fear which threatened to obsess the Church at the period of the Briggs trials, and perhaps above all else, by his persistent and skilful labors to create among Presbyterians the public sentiment that made possible the liberating

revision of the Westminster Confession in 1903. It is full measure for a long life which is thus recounted in barest outline, and even this enumeration does not include the incalculable influence of his twenty-five years of teaching in McCormick Seminary. As professor of homiletics there he imparted to hundreds of the ablest men in the contemporary Presbyterian ministry his own thrilling joy, and something at least of his own entrancing power, in the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

To those, however, who were in any degree privileged to enjoy Dr. Johnson's personal friendship, the memory of his monumental public service will be subordinated to the tenderer memory of the "sweetness and light" of his private life. With all his strength and determination, it was yet a rarely gentle soul that dwelt in his bosom. In public and in private his wholesomeness was equal, and a stainless shield is the bright ornament of the earthly armor he has just laid off. Being granted in God's providence an ample span of duty and experience here, he is not to be mourned as he passes to his heavenly recompense; not sorrow but thanksgiving for him is the perfume of the flowers on his bier.

The concluding pages of this brief biography I shall devote to the words of him of whom I have written. Here is his last message delivered a week before he went home to God:

Rev. 14:13 (last clause). "For their works follow with them."

(Read in connection Matthew 7:13-20.)

We sing of "the land that is fairer than day." Where is it? We speak of the land that is "very far off." Is it so far? Does Death end all? And if not, what is beyond? Hints, guesses, suggestions, hopes, probabilities, analogies—these all favor a future, but they give us no certainty, they do not anchor us in a perfect confidence. The seers of the race have sought to pierce the mystery. The logicians of the race have sought to solve the mystery. The poets of the race have given wings to their imagination, and have come back laden with the supposed perfumes and sports of that unknown world, but we have known them to be only dreams. Wherever man has been found without a revelation, under whatever climes and in whatever age, he has stood with some desire or dread of a hereafter, peering, now with dull and heavy sense, now with keen vision stirred by "awful thrills of curiosity," into that mystery of the future, which yet has eluded all sight and baffled all knowledge.

Clear, beautiful, and certain in the repose of sublimest confidence, comes the word of Christianity, assuring us of immortality. Christ's vacant sepulchre is the open door telling us unmistakably of room beyond. Looking through that rent tomb, we grow sure Death does not end all. Guesses, probabilities, peradventures are

done with, it is *knowledge* now. We do know that if this earthly house of our tabernacle perish, *we* do not die.

But whither after death, and what? The fact of immortality assured, what about the kind? Is it so wide apart from now? Is the future life so unlike the present life as to make true the infinite contrasts we so commonly think of, when we think of this matter at all? Yes and no. The answer will depend upon our point of view. We shall be without a body, and that will be one marvellous difference between then and now. For the spirit to be free from every clamp and hindrance of the flesh will be something strange and wonderful, and though at the resurrection each will get back his own body, it will not be the body of our humiliation but changed by Christ into the body of His glory, so that the contrast will be marvellous still.

Those that die in the Lord will be without sin in the future life, and that will be another immense stretch away from now.

The life of the future will also be one of perfect adaptations, and who can conceive what a difference that will make? Things will match all round. Spirits will harmonize. There will be no maladjustment.

But apart from these things and things incident to them and growing out of them will the future be so marvellously unlike the present? If some writers have materialized heaven over-

much, are we quite sure that in our common thought we have not etherealized heaven overmuch? Will it be so very different *every way*? What is there in the mere article of death to twist us out of our old drifts and tendencies and habitudes, to break up our individualities and transform us in traits and capacities? Washed clean of sin, we shall be. But won't we go right on otherwise, with our life, with our growth, with our innocent preferences and companionships and occupations? The girl to whom music here is both praise and prayer as her soul goes up in sweet melody to God, may not have a piano in heaven, the deacon's son may not hoe potatoes there, but will there not be something in heaven answering to each sinless trait and taste and meeting it? Are we to be wrenched suddenly away from everything of earth not only, but from everything that characterized us while here! I do not believe it! Moses and Elias came out of heaven and on the Mount talked with Jesus, talked as they would if they had never been away, talked of the topic that lay nearest their hearts. *We* shall do that, I do not doubt. Many a soul will wait long beyond the gates for the coming of some friend. Many a friend will go there to find some blessed surprises. Multitudes will have it to say that "He the Master was the first one to meet me. Never by one word or look from that hour to this day has He let me feel ashamed in heaven." And to be

thrilled with the joy of having plucked even one such brand from the burning will be to understand how it is that "their works do follow them."

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth, Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, for their works follow with them." You see how close this life is to the next. You see how works here get tied to blessedness there. They are not "labors" any more, to be wearily done, for this is the meaning of the word rendered "labors," wearisome effort, toil with stress and pain, that tires and hurts. Those that die in the Lord "rest" from these. They are not through with service. The record is "They serve each day and night." The "rest" is therefore not the rest of inactivity, of idleness, but the rest of toil without fatigue, of activity with immortal freshness with the spring and dew of eternal youth and mourning. And the reason for the rest is "that their works do follow them." The works pass on with them as their escort into eternity.

The theme that thus invites our meditation is the true relation of Christian works in this life to Christian rest in the life to come. May heaven be more real to us, and more near and dear to us for our fellowship with this truth of God to-day.

I. The Christian's works follow him through the gates to testify to his right to the rest.

Does this seem a bold word? Does it savor of presumption to talk of rights for a poor sinner in heaven? If I deserve nothing but condemnation, and God out of His infinite and sovereign grace alone lets me through the gates, is it for me to speak of the meanest privilege of heaven as mine by right? In Christ Jesus, yes, not only the meanest privilege, but every privilege. The whole sweep of heaven, every room in it, every glory of it, the ineffable, fathomless bliss and blessedness of it, is the rightful claim of the Christian. For his own sake, nothing; for Christ's sake everything. By personal merit, not the rudest hovel that might be built in that city of splendor and gold. By the merit of Jesus, the very palace and presence chamber of the King. The Christian's right to the heavenly rest has been purchased; not with corruptible things as silver and gold, not with such common and tainted things as penances and prayers, but with the precious blood of Christ, with the obedience unto death of the blessed son of God. Presenting that purchase price before the Father, Jesus makes His plea not as a beggar begging a boon, but as a royal advocate speaking by authority, "Father, I *will* that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am." And the ransomed will come up to the gates with rights and titles. Having believed and loved, they will rest from their labors. And their right to the rest will be vindicated, for "*their works do follow them.*"

This attending escort of witnessing works will prove two things, the genuineness of each Christian's faith and the sincerity of his love.

The works will follow to testify *to the genuineness of faith*. "For faith, if it have not works, is dead," is a lifeless and spurious thing. If "a brother or sister be naked and in lack of daily food, and one of you say unto them, 'Go in peace, be ye warmed and filled, and yet ye give them not the things needful to the body, what doth it profit?'" So if ye say "Lord, Lord," and do not the things bidden of the Lord, what doth *it* profit? But the dead that die in the Lord, "Their works do follow them," and the weakest faith will go unchallenged in the face of that evidence. Some witnesses will testify to "Kingdoms subdued," "righteousness wrought," violences of fire quenched, mouths of lions stopped, whole armies turned to flight, and the believers whose faith gets the testimony of splendid works and successes like these will, of course, have their right to heaven's rest most amply vindicated. But not only are brilliant successes the works and therefore the proofs of genuine faith, so are seeming defeats. Some witnesses will testify to destitutions, afflictions, tormentings, to trials, of mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonments, and the believers whom these works follow will have their faith proved genuine: Lofty works and lowly works, bright shining works and hidden works, works done

and works honestly sought to be done and therefore in God's sight done. These all do follow. An only son Isaac offered and a cup of cold water given, a soul won and a cross borne, a silent struggle, a baptism of tears, a look like Christ's on Peter, with a great love and a great tenderness and a great forgiveness in it, when a cruel stab has come from some trusted friend, and the faith thus testified to and vindicated, whether of a conquering Abraham or a poor harlot like Rahab, whether of a mighty prince in Israel or one of the Lord's hidden ones, shall be writ all over with the sign manual of the Kingdom of Heaven.

But their works do follow the dead that die in the Lord to testify not only to the genuineness of their faith, but to the *sincerity of their love*.

“ He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me,” is the infallible test to be applied to all professed affection for the Lord Jesus. The love that obeys not is like the faith that works not, dead, cold and dead. A genuine love may not perfectly keep the King's precepts, but it will try, and the love-prompted efforts, the struggles toward obedience, the attempts to rise in the way of God's commandments, will be the works that do follow the righteous to tell at heaven's gates of a true and real affection. Not necessarily deeds distinguished and trumpeted on Earth, for whatever good cause and with whatever bountifulness of energy

and liberality, but deeds of any sort out of obedience to the Lord Christ and with love behind them. The alabaster box of Mary and the mite of the widow will be as eloquent in their witness of love's sincerity as any heroic martyrdom. Seeming patchwork here, will be seen to have been done with threads of silver and needle of gold on Christ's own vesture, if love and tears shall have been dropped in among the stitches. Thus it will come to pass that the witnessing works of God's true saints following them when they die, by proving the genuineness of their faith and the sincerity of their love, will testify to their right to the heavenly rest.

But this is not their only office.

II. The Christian's works follow him through the gates to contribute to his sources of rest.

How is it that works here add to its source, and therefore to the experience of heavenly blessedness?

They do it in two ways, by their results and by their rewards.

About the results, God's own children often make mistakes, by reasons both of over-estimate, and under-estimate. The results that loom large as they address the eye, that arrest attention and become the talk of the crowd and get published from Dan to Beersheba are likely to be counted at more than their true value, while the deeper and untrumpeted fruits of toil are likely to be counted at less than their true value.

Philip's works in Samaria, stirring a whole city and filling it with joy, doubtless seemed greater far than his work with the single traveller reading his Bible down on that lonely road to Gaza. But God himself called Philip for the one and set him at the other. And who shall say, weighing these respective works in the scales of God's balance, who shall say what gave Philip the greater source of joy when he died in the Lord, and his works did follow him!

There are outward results and inward results of Christian works. And the outward results are sometimes seen and sometimes not. But no work for God is wholly fruitless. God has a way of returning, after many days, the bread that is cast upon the waters. And if the many days stretch on into eternity, and the bread is found again only when borne by the waters on that other shore, is it not still true of such toiling saints that their works do follow them, to contribute to their heavenly rest? "My wandering boy, very wayward scholar. *You* here!" And the breast that was thought to be steeled against your tenderness and tears will tell how the memory of your faithful words broke it at last in penitence at Jesus' feet, and how beyond the gates it has been looking for you long while that you might know about it.

Ah, these blessed surprises! They will be among the abysmal delights of heaven, and a measureless contribution to the soul's sources of joy.

But the outward results of Christian works, whether seen or unseen, are not all. There is an inward process going on, a fruit of toil that tells on character. The works have wrought some wonderful effects on the worker. It is here in the spiritual as it is in the natural world. The man that puts what he has to good use, multiplies his means. He gets paid by increase of capital for his employment of capital. The blow of the blacksmith tells both ways. It tells on the iron, fitting it for greater profit. It tells on the muscles of his arm, fitting that for profit, too. He gets power while he expends power.

So it is with works in their effects upon the Christian worker. Gifts and graces are cultivated and developed and greatly enriched by use. They are weakened and shrivelled and finally lost altogether by disuse. They that do the most for God become the most, by an inevitable law, and there is no possible limit to this process of increase in the world of spirit. The law has its metes and boundaries in the natural world. There is a point, e.g., beyond which exercise cannot go in its development of the body. Time and circumstances and the antagonisms developed in the race for riches, set limits to the acquisitions of property. But there is absolutely no limit to growth in the knowledge and love of God, in spiritual power, in capacity for joy and blessedness. And "works" done here are constantly enriching the worker in his own inner

life. He gets more soul as he deals with souls. He gets more of God as he deals with God. His Christlike work begets the Christlike spirit. He puts Christ into his word and deed, and Christ comes back to him and into him in the very effort. He gets Christ by giving Christ just as the blacksmith gets power by expending power, and this enrichment goes on, while the works go on. And when Christians die, in this sense "their works do follow them," i.e., in these blessed inner results of their works, in this enlarged capacity for joy and blessedness and high place and comprehension of the things of God which the faithful toilers carry into heaven, and which will forever make their heaven the richer and their rest the sweeter.

Haven't you seen Christian men and women, growing strong in spiritual stature and large in spiritual capacity and rich in spiritual experience, by the uses to which they put their gifts and graces and the possibilities of development they thus disclosed? And haven't you seen Christians beside them remaining weak and effeminate, and really dwarfing their capacity and belittling their powers and shrivelling up their souls, because they put them to no real service for God and truth? And then haven't you seen the former getting inexpressible sweetness and joy out of some word of God, where the latter found only leanness and barrenness? Why? As well ask why a dull clod gapes at a brilliant sunset and

goes his way unmoved, getting no joy for what he deems a common every-day daub, while another, who has cultivated a taste for the beautiful, is thrilled with the exquisite delight coming through that developed sense at sight of such divine pencilling!

I once sat beside a dying saint whose mind was almost gone. I thought he gave me no recognition. I repeated a part of the Twenty-third Psalm. "Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." He was in the Valley. He was passing through. But he had tested that rod and that staff. He knew that Shepherd's tender care. He had been led of Him, often and often, beside the deep waters of that wonderful Psalm. He had developed a taste for them! And they were sweet. O how sweet, to his parched lips and tired heart. Some minutes afterwards, without giving another sign of recognition, and when our thought had turned to other things, his lips moved and we caught the words, "Thy rod and thy staff they do comfort me." Oh, yes, "they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

And in all this, friends, I have said nothing of the contribution to the sources of the rest who will be made by the Christians' works because of their rewards. I have talked thus far of results or effects; who shall estimate the rewards, who shall tell what the "shining as the

stars" means, promised to them who shall turn many unto righteousness? Who shall guess what honorable and joy-giving trust is intended to be committed beyond the gates to those whose works do follow them, by the words of the Master, "Thy pound hath gained ten pounds. Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Have thou authority over ten cities"? From ten pounds to ten cities is immeasurable promotion. If the giving a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, is worthy of such reward as even God has to give, conceive if you can what He will bring from out His infinite stores to reward the Christian who has borne some heavy cross for Him or fought a hard battle or rescued a soul!

The practical lessons are obvious.

1. Our works are immortal as well as we. We shall see them again. And we are nearer them always than we sometimes think. They were wrought in our past. But they live in our present. And they strike on into our future. "Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment, and some men they follow after. Likewise also the good works of some are manifest beforehand, and they that are otherwise cannot be hid." It is evident that we are to look into the eyes of our works again. Our present is the product of our past, and our works are here now in what we are. Their indestructibleness is the soul's indestructibleness! Their permanency is the permanency of character.

It is preëminently worth our while, therefore, to make good friends of our works to see that they be good works. If we are going to have their company on that long journey, it will be pleasanter for us in the end to do right things, righteous things.

2. The second practical thought is, that the lowliest work for Christ takes on undying honor in the light of this truth. Its being tied to immortality lifts it out of all meanness and littleness, and tells us how utterly wrong we are in cherishing disparaging thought of it. What if our paths do *not* lead where the notable achievements can be wrought and where the chief honors seem to lie. What if our life appears somehow to get filled only with the endless round of common things, that give us care, and give us little else, when we do long so sometimes, with inexpressible longing to put some honor upon the brow of our blessed Redeemer! Don't you remember they said, "When saw we thee an hungered or athirst, or sick or in prison, and ministered unto thee?" And the King said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."

3. The third practical lesson is the toil, and the weariness of work here may well be borne a little longer, in view of the rest it surely will bring. Who are these with white robes and palms in their hands? These are they who came

out of great tribulation. We may be nearer that than we think.

“One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er:  
I am nearer home to-day  
Than ever I've been before.

“Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down,  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown.

“But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the deep and unknown stream  
That leads at last to the light.

“Father, perfect my trust;  
Strengthen the might of my faith;  
Let me feel as I would when I stand  
On the rock of the shore of death!

“Feel as I would when my feet  
Are slipping over the brink,  
For it may be I'm nearer home,  
Nearer *now* than I think!”

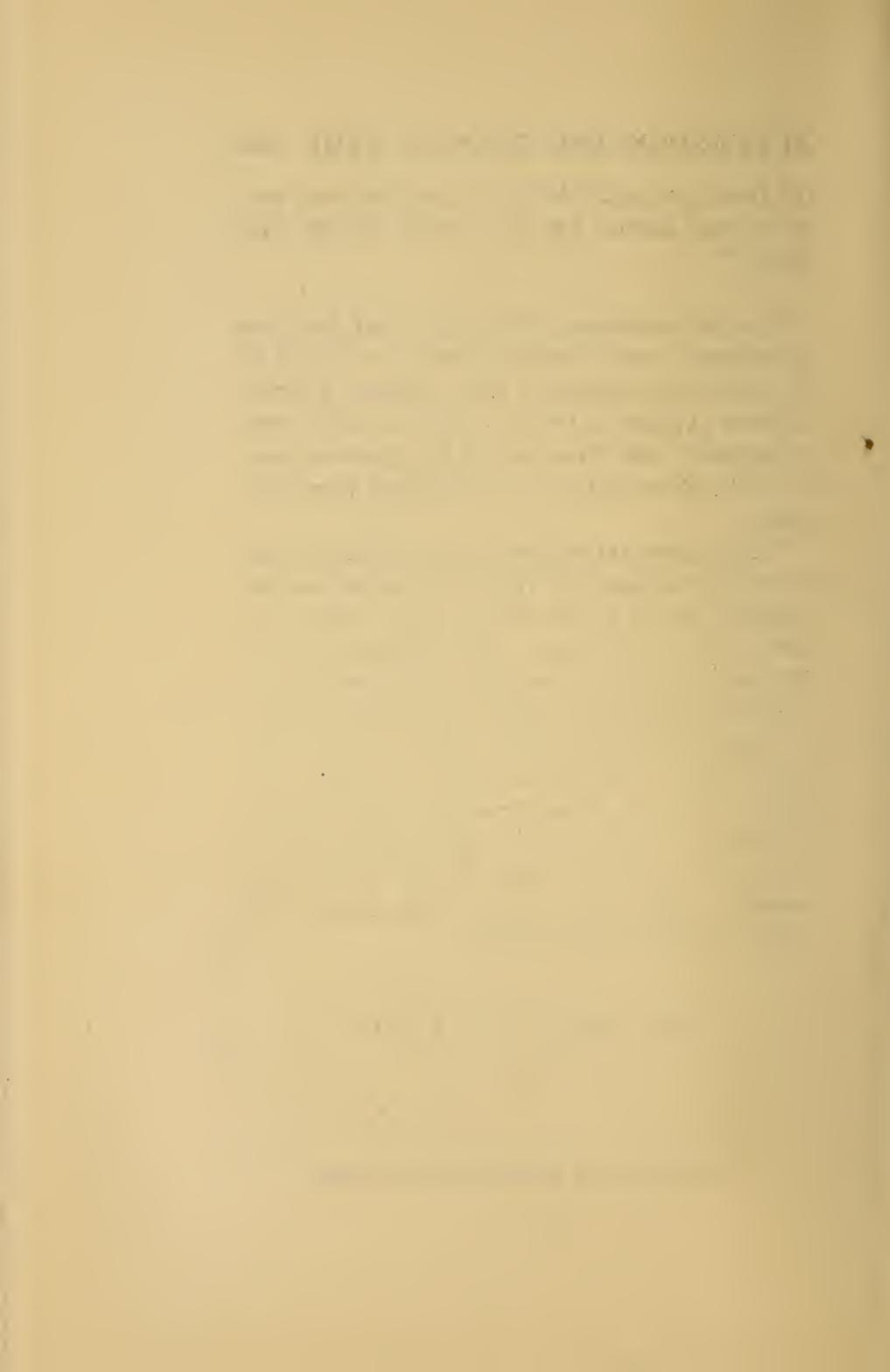
And when home at last, oh, the sighs that shall be changed into songs of deliverance! Oh, the tears that shall be as jewels in the crowns of the ransomed! Oh, the labors of weariness that shall drop all their weariness and become works of rest! Oh, the flowers scarce daring to look up into the face of God's beautiful days on earth, that shall bloom there at the very foot of the throne! “Blessed are the dead that die in

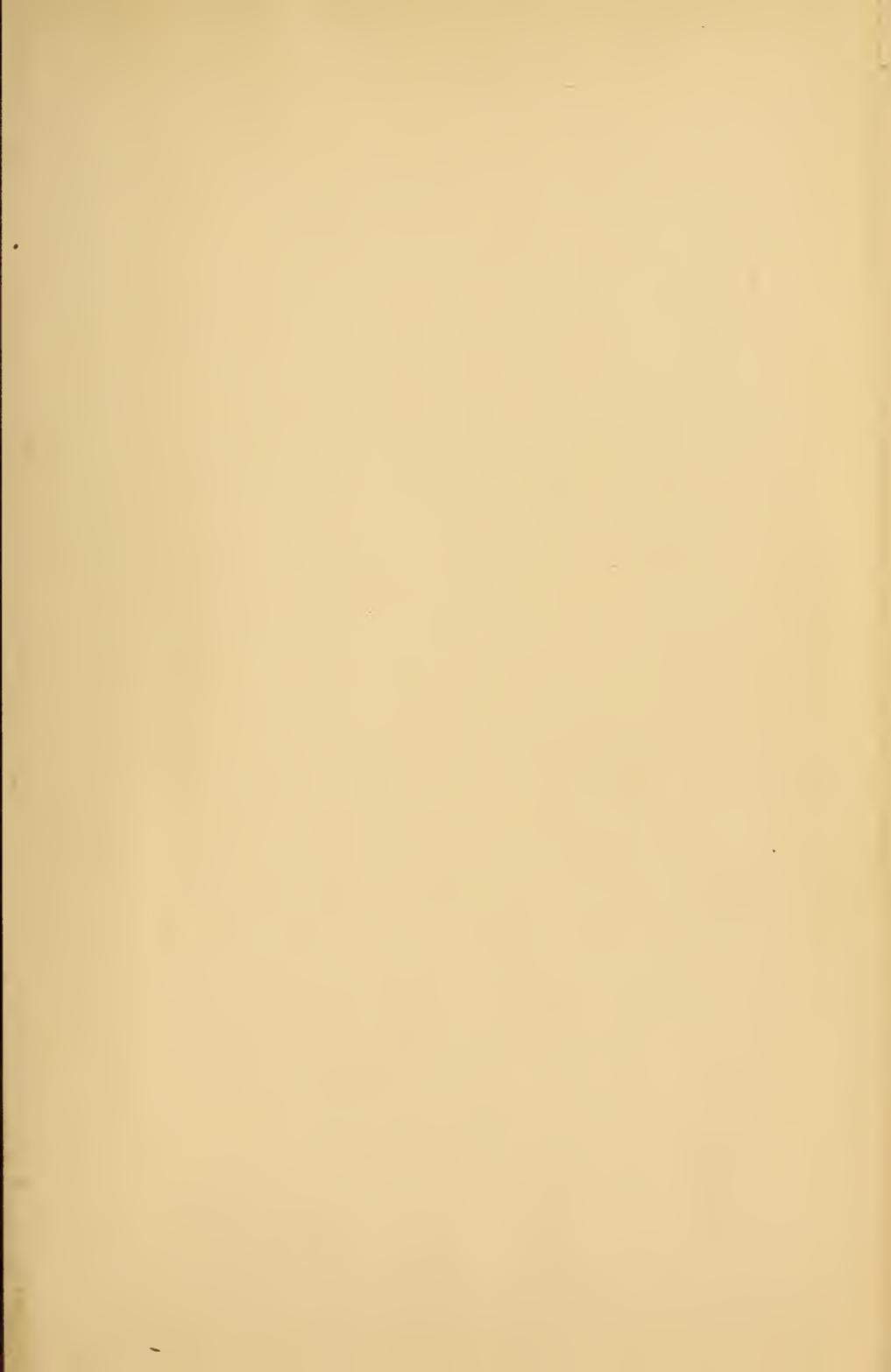
the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, for their works follow with them!"

The last sentences of this book shall be those of triumph—words befitting the great soldier of the Cross by whom they were spoken. Herrick Johnson rejoiced in the hope of sure and certain immortality, and from one of his great sermons on "The Resurrection" the following words are taken:

*"Only when the resurrection of the dead shall be brought to pass will the highest notes and the grandest chords in the chorus of our triumph in Christ Jesus be struck. Who would not die! We may go to the grave with a shout of victory. Through and through the Valley of the Shadow of Death is shot the glory of these resurrection rays. How He banks the way to the tomb with flowers, how He transforms the grim skeleton into one of God's beautiful angels, come to empty our tomb as Christ's tomb in the garden was emptied. Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh, Grave, where is thy victory?"*

## WHO WOULD NOT DIE!





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